

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1882.

NUMBER 29.

POETRY

We Can Make Home Happy.

Though we cannot change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange the little grass-plot
For a boundless stretch of land,
Yet there's something brighter, dearer,
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have not means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare;
Though we have not alien hangings
For the walls, so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For the flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy,
And their trust blessings win.
It will make the small room brighter
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside,
When the evening hours are long;
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door;
Yet, should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly,
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind.
We may reap the choicest blessings,
From the poorest lot assigned.

Meditations for some mothers.

"Molly, dear!"
"Well, mamma?" and Molly left
her great brown eyes from the pages
they have been perusing.

"What do you want for dinner?"
"Oh, please don't ask me—just
have anything. I don't feed a bit
like eating."

"But remember, my child, there
are four hours till dinner time."
"Are there?" with a yawn. "Let's
have some bread and milk."

"Nonsense, child. I know your
needs better than you do yourself.
When the time comes you want your
dinner. What do you think of a
chicken?"

"All right," said Molly, nodding
her pretty head.

"And pancakes?"

"O mother, if you will! Your pan-
cakes are the nicest things in the
world. I believe I could eat them
now."

"Well, dear, you shall have them;
but you can't always have mother,
and no cook can suit you as mother
does. Why not learn how to make
them for yourself? Then, when you
are married—"

Molly throws aside her book:
"Mamma! how can you? When you
know I never intend to marry a man
for whom I shall be obliged to cater.
The very thought is abhorrent. I
hate the whole thing. I hope I am
pretty and accomplished enough to
make my fortune."

"My love, you are lovely enough
for a prince, if the prince will only
come, but, somehow, for your own
comfort, I feel as if you ought to
learn something about cooking for
instance."

Enter a small boy with a screaming
chicken fluttering from his hand, head
down. Molly hides her eyes and her
mother hastens along with the grinning
urchin into the kitchen.

"Couldn't you bring a dressed
fowl?" she asks the boy.

"Undressed, you mean, ma'am,
don't you?" responds the small boy,
with a larger grin.

"I could wish," murmurs Molly's
mother, "that either chickens had
fewer feathers or that Molly knew
enough to help me; but then the poor
beauty—the thing would sicken her,
as it does me; she wouldn't be able to
eat any dinner—she is so delicate. I
do hope Providence will provide, so
that she never need work as I have
done."

Such mothers I have noticed, seem
to possess unlimited faith in Providence—a sort of specific for laziness
and moral debility. Meanwhile, Molly
has a beauty sleep, then plays her ex-
ercises, reads a page in French, talks
German to her canary, dresses, pow-
ders, bangs, and then waits complac-
ently for the dinner-signal.

"Why, mamma dear," she says,
when at last the bell rings, "you look
tired to death, and your cap is half
off, and you have forgotten your col-
lar. How red your face is! Couldn't
you possible manage not to hang over
the fire? You might wear gloves.
Don't let's have dinner; but then the
fried chicken is delicious, and the pan-
cakes light and crisp, and altogether
the nicest things in the world;" and
the poor, silly mother is so charmed
at her artless delight and the flattery
of her beautiful child, that she feels
repaid for all her trouble.

Well, her child marries rich; but
could her mother look in upon the
"beauty" a few years later, while she
herself is lying in her narrow bed,
where toil and care have laid her be-
fore the time—could she see the pret-
ty, accomplished daughter, harassed
by a thousand cares of which she was
never told and never dreamed, with
sickly children hanging on her skirts,
she herself fretful and discouraged,
the once rich husband a poor man,
cursing his ill luck in having a wife
who knows nothing besides making
herself agreeable, and can not do even
that now, who will not exert herself
at this late day to learn how to make
home tolerable, not to say comfortable
—she would weep tears of blood over
her own fatal lack of energy. She
would not say "Will you," but "You
must," not "Can you?" but "You
shall," and all with such sweetness
and firmness that the child would see
it was no tyranny, but help to pre-
pare her not only to bide herself, but
others.

HER MISTAKE.

Why should a young girl for the
sake of amusement allow herself to be
indiscreet, or to do improper things?
That there is no real harm in such
conduct is a mistake, and there cer-
tainly is a great deal of danger. All
wrong doing leaves behind a torment-
ing record, and sometimes more seri-
ous results. How one reckless young
miss received a lesson for an indiscre-
tion in making advances to a stranger
is thus told in the Philadelphia *Mer-
cury*:

The seventeen old daughter of a re-
spectable physician fell (or imagined
she did) wildly in love with a mello-
voiced baritone in a well-known opera
company. Under an assumed name
she wrote him confiding and romantic
little notes, and finally sent him her
photograph.

The face was so lovely that it piqued
the singer's curiosity, but it was in
vain that he plead for an opportu-
nity to see her. The girl could not
ly enjoy her escapade so long as she
maintained her incognito.

Finally the baritone, noting the
name of the photographer, visited his
parlors and ascertained his corre-
spondent's name. Then he wrote to
her under her real address saying that
he had identified her, and she could
take the choice of having her pic-
ture and notes back, and give him two
hundred dollars in cash, or he would
tell a reporter of the *Police Gazette*
the story, and have the picture pub-
lished.

There is little likelihood that
such a threat would have been car-
ried out, but the girl was so terribly
frightened that she sent him all the
money she could scrape together, and
the rest of the sum in jewelry.

If this cures her of making love to
strange men,—or to any other man,
—perhaps her experience was worth
its price.

More about the N. E. G. A.

Having read, from time to time in
the JOURNAL, various articles pertain-
ing to the N. E. G. A., and Mr. Til-
linghast in particular, I beg of you
to grant me space in your columns
for a few words on that subject. It
seems that some of the New England
mutes are a trifle dissatisfied with the
management of President Tillinghast.
Why is this? I am satisfied, for
one, that it is because they don't un-
derstand the situation. The majority
of mutes of New England live in and
around Boston, Worcester, Salem
and Lowell.

Some years ago, a certain mute lady
by the name of Morrison died and
bequeathed \$500 to the New England
Gallaudet Association, to be used as
the Association deemed best. Mr.
Tillinghast was unexpectedly elected
President of the Association soon
after, and seeing at once that if steps
were not taken, and that quickly, it
would be lost to the Association, di-
verted from its intended purpose and
used for the benefit of a few, he was
determined to save it to the Associa-
tion; and any one who read his ad-
dress will see how he did it, and the
obstacles he had to overcome to do so.
So satisfied were the majority of
mutes with his efforts in their behalf,
that at the last Convention they re-
elected him by a handsome majority,
and no one who was then present can
say but he acted in a fair and impar-
tial manner.

Upon his re-election, he thanked
them for their renewed confidence in
him, and stated that as he had looked

out for their interests, so he would
continue to do as long as he held the
position of President, and he has done
it. Can any one deny it?

Has he not kept that promise?
Has he not, during his successive
term of six years, worked faithfully
and diligently for their interests, al-
though it oftentimes interfered much
with his daily duties?

That article by "Justitia" is out-
rageous, and any intelligent mute of
New England, who knows any thing
of Boston and a certain ambitious
young man there, can easily see who
wrote it.

I, for one, know the principal
statements lately made in regard to
Mr. T.'s connection with the Boston
Society are false. Mr. T. can defy
any one to prove them if he chooses,
but he is not such a belligerent sort
of a man.

In a conversation with a certain
Boston mute, the following little in-
cident was related to me:

A certain mute on an excursion of
the Boston Society last summer, met
Mr. Tillinghast, and says he:

"You must not fix those bonds so
high; \$1,000 is too much. Tom
Brown, of New Hampshire, was Presi-
dent 12 years, and he never required
a Treasurer to give bonds as a secu-
rity."

"Young man," says Mr. T., "the
N. E. G. A. of 15 years ago and the
same of to-day differ greatly. At
that time, the Association found it a
very hard job to keep on its legs,
while now it has about \$600 safely
invested. I shall do what is custo-
mary, and make it safe. I must have
bonds; the Constitution says so, and
it is necessary, and I shall follow the
law and have them double the amount
at issue."

I will make it brief by saying that
fellow felt blue in five minutes.

The mutes of New England, ever
since the Association was formed,
have been kept in the dark as to the
doings of the Board. They have met
at conventions old friends and school-
mates, listened to speeches, etc., but
what were they told about what had
been done; the squandering of \$600
at Boston, in 1872; the disgraceful
time at Providence, in 1864, they
knew nothing about.

Now, brother mutes, listen to a
little plain talk. Don't you want to
know what your servants are doing
and have done?

Who gave you the first and only re-
port of the kind?

When Tom Brown managed the
Association, there was no necessity
for bonds, as there was nothing to be
secured. The same and more can be
said of the Swett management, which
was worse.

There is a young man in Massachu-
setts who has lately graduated (I
mean you, "Justitia," from College.
He is a Prof., and has a moustache.
He is ambitious, for who ever heard
of a young college graduate who
wasn't?

He managed to get into the Board
of the N. E. G. A. He was elected
Secretary of the Association, and then
he was important, very.

As one of the Board, he was a hard
one to deal with. As Secretary, he
had such a splendid memory he for-
got to inform the President of the
resignation of Mr. G. D. Abbott from
the Committee; he even forgot he
was Chairman of the Committee him-
self.

It was his business to remember
and inform the President of any
change in the Board.

Suppose that same young man
should become President of the N.
E. G. A. some time in the near fu-
ture, which he is now trying to do,
and by some sort of spiritualism the
legacy should disappear, his excuse
would be: "Oh, I didn't do it! Oh,
no; I didn't touch it! The Board did
it over my head."

We want no such man as that for
President. No, sir! Not much.

Mr. Tillinghast does not care a fig
for the position, and he would have
resigned long ago did he not see a
"war cloud" in the air. That cloud
is even now hovering over New En-
gland, like some gaunt bird of prey,
and is only waiting for a favorable
opportunity to pounce down and de-
vour the first and only bequest the
Association ever had.

Now, fellow mutes of New En-
gland, remember, and when you cast
your votes next August at Norwich,
be sure you're right then go ahead.

Have an idea of your own and
stick to it.

Vote for men of principle, true,
honest men, men whose past record is
good.

Since writing the above, I've read

"Mr. A. Smith's Opinion" in the
JOURNAL. So he says Mr. Harry
White's advice is worth going miles
to get. Well, I guess I'll stay at
home then, if I can't find a better ad-
viser than he is. "Best man on the
globe, etc." Yes, oh certainly, yes!
he had ought to be Prime Minister to
Egypt.

I draw this article to a close, hop-
ing that you will try your best to re-
tain the good name of the Associa-
tion, and the only way to do that is to
support Mr. Tillinghast, of New
Bedford.

I follow the example of others, and
affix a non-de-plume to this.

STILL ANOTHER FRIEND.

A SILENT MERRYMAKING.

FESTIVITIES WHERE NOT A WORD WAS
SPOKEN—DANCING TO MUSIC THAT
COULD NOT BE HEARD—A NOVEL EX-
CURSION PARTY.

(New York Herald, July 13.)

There were about forty couples
dancing on the upper deck of an ex-
cursion barge, as it moved slowly up
the Hudson yesterday morning in
tow of the steaming Vanderbilt. The
feet of the dancers kept perfect time
to the merry music of the orchestra,
and they moved easily and gracefully
through the figures of the lancers.

Had a chance observer been told that
not one of these eighty young ladies and
gentlemen could hear a single note of
the music he would probably have re-
ceived the statement with incredulity
as he took another look at the smooth,
gliding motions of the revellers. Yet
such was the fact. The dancers were
not only deaf and dumb, for it was a
picnic party, made up of these poor,
doubly afflicted ones. But there was
nothing to suggest affliction in the
manner of the excursionists. On the
contrary, they were enjoying them-
selves hugely, and seemed to feel all
that indescribable exhilaration which
thrills true lovers of the dance when
the soft strains of a Strauss waltz
come floating downward from the
gallery of the Academy of Music on
the night of the "clarity."

It was the sixth annual excursion
of the Manhattan Literary Associa-
tion, an organization of deaf-mutes formed
principally of lady and gentlemen
graduates from the institutions for
instructing the deaf and dumb. Ac-
companied by their friends, the party,
about five hundred in all, started
from Eighth street, East River, at
half past eight in the morning, steam-
ed around the Battery to the North
River, and, after calling at Eleventh
street to take a few more on board,
proceeded up the Hudson to Mount
Pleasant Grove at Hastings.

WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE.

The excursion was a striking il-
lustration of how much science has
done to alleviate the condition of the
deaf and dumb. It was strange, in-
deed, to see them dance with such
precision merely from watching with
quick, trained eyes the time beats of
the orchestra leader and the steps of
those who could hear. But still more
marvellous was it hear the deaf speak.

There were at least a score of those
present who had been educated in the
new art of lip reading and who could
carry on a conversation in the usual
way, having learned to read and
speak from watching the lips of their
teachers. A moustache on the part of
the person they spoke with was a puzzle
for them sometimes, as it partly
conceals the movements of the mouth,
and the Herald reporter, who has a
heavy moustache, found it a severe test
for some of the pupils. One charm-
ing young lady, however, conversed
with great ease and fluency. She ad-
mitted—and here she blushed very
deeply—that she was accustomed to a
moustache, a young gentleman, a
very intimate friend, possessing a
very soft and silky one.

Two things were noticeable about
the excursion party. When the mu-
sic ceased there was almost a dead
silence. Now and again a peal of
hearty laughter would be heard, show-
ing that in that sense the picnicers
were not dumb, but there was none
of the buzz and chatter of conversa-
tion which one usually hears on fes-
tive occasions of the sort. The few
who conversed were, of course, a very
small minority. But such a confusing
and rapid gesticulation with the
hands! With the quickness of light-
ning, and with bright, expressive
eyes, the mutes conversed with each
other in the sign language, and jokes
and repartee went round very much
as they always do. Another thing
noticeable was when a group of ladies
and gentlemen was composed of

mutes and hearing persons—for there
were several such on board. When
this chanced and a conversation
sprang up an amusing sight followed.
The hearing persons not understand-
ing the sign language, another means
of communication was necessary.
Quick as a flash out would come rote
books and pencils, and the whole party
would take to dashing off hasty
notes to each other. When the talk
became animated all hands would be
seen writing furiously in their note
books.

When the barge reached Mount
Pleasant and lunch baskets had been
emptied, little parties strolled off un-
der the trees, and it was very soon
evident to one who watched the pret-
ty girls and their escorts that flirtation
and expressions of endearment are
about the same in the sign language
as in our spoken tongue. Whether
any of the students pursued their
studies in lip reading was not ascer-
tained.

The excursionists amused them-
selves very much as others do—with
boating, fishing, swimming and so on
—and at half past four started to re-
turn, reaching the city again at nine
o'clock.

The officers of the Manhattan Liter-
ary Association are as follows:—
John Wilkinson, President; G. L.
Reynolds, first Vice-President; S. P.
Cornelius, second Vice President;
John Hogan, Secretary, and John P.
Jams, Treasurer. There are about
one thousand deaf-mutes in this city,
and about half that number were at
yesterday's excursion.

Hudson County, N. J.

HOW MANY PUPILS OF THE NEW YORK IN-
STITUTION ARE SPENDING THEIR VACA-
TION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having obtained
the promise of a job, two weeks
before school closed at the New York
Institution, on the 29th of June, we
left the Institution and arrived here
all right. My father is still in Cali-
fornia, so I am boarding in a private
family. The first evening of our ar-
rival here we were so tired that we
went to bed at once and the next
morning we did not get up till about
10 o'clock. After having had our
breakfast, we made a call to the
printing office, where we were promis-
ed a job through vacation. On en-
tering we found things rather mixed
and out of place. They told me
that they couldn't take me for some
time, but would as soon as something
should turn up. We left our address
with them but have since heard
nothing from them. We have a job
in the city, but it is not a good place.
On Monday, the 17th inst., we ex-
pect to get a better place.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Geo. Washington Gross the deaf-
mute ice dealer of Jersey City, says
that he is much obliged to Grace H.
for notifying the public that he is not
a married man.

Patrick Smith, a graduate of the
New York School, is in prison.
How he came to get in there we are
unable to say, but we overheard some
body remark that he likes to be in
there—i.e., as long as he is doing no-
thing and gets his grub without hav-
ing to work for it he is happy. His
brother, John Smith, is far worse than
him. He obtains his board from his
father, but does nothing himself. He
is sometimes seen near his father's
house counting with his fingers all
the people that pass by him.

Anthony Cannon, a former pupil
of the New York Institution, and
afterwards of the St. Joseph Pro-
tective, obtained a good place in a
silk mill in Hoboken. For a time he
seemed to be a good and honest
workman, but he soon got discour-
aged from working all day long and
would occasionally shrink from his
work. He used then to work in the
presence of his foreman, but he never
improved in his work and was at
length obliged to leave the mill.

Peter Brede has obtained employ-
ment in a tobacco factory through
the summer.

John Kicken is waiting for some-
thing to turn up.

On the 10th of July last, Barrett &
Co., with their show, came into the
city. We had a good view of the
parade in the morning, and went to
see the show in the evening. A couple
of deaf-mutes were also present.

The fire in New York on Thursday
evening brought a great number of
people, among whom were a few deaf-
mutes, to New York. We had a good
view of it from the boat.

A. C.

DEAF-MUTES.

Philosophy of their Edu- cation.

LECTURE BY PROF. GRAHAM BELL AT GREENOCK, SCOTLAND.

How Deaf-Mutes should be Taught.

On Saturday, May 27, Professor
Graham Bell, of Washington, inventor
of the telephone, delivered a lecture on
the education of the deaf and dumb
before a large audience of ladies and
gentlemen in the lecture hall of the
Watt Institute, Greenock, Scotland.
The provost occupied the chair, and
a distinguished audience was present,
including several of the government
educational officers, and others of
note.

Professor Bell, in the course of his
lecture, said. The interest I feel in
the Greenock School is not only due
to a feeling of sincere affection for
those little children with whom I was
brought into personal contact two or
three years ago, but from the feeling
that this school is in need of support.

It is one of a rare species of schools
for the deaf and dumb, and it may be
—and so far as I know it is—the
only one of the kind at present in
existence. Those other schools for
the deaf are special schools where the
children are trained away from the
hearing world; they are collected
into institutions by themselves. This
school is merely an adjunct of another
and larger school. These children
are formed into a special class in the
Greenock Academy for instruction in
various subjects. They are only
brought together for instruction in
such subjects as they cannot pursue
in conjunction with other children,
and after school hours they are sepa-
rated. They have the advantage of
A MOTHER'S CARE AND HOME IN-
STRUCTION.

They are taught to articulate and to
understand utterances of others by
watching the motion of the speaker's
mouth, and every word that they
speak can be understood. Little by
little as they advance the bonds of
union between them and the outside
world become stronger and more
numerous and their intercourse with
other people becomes more full. This
school, then, is unique of its kind.
It is worthy of the most wide and ex-
tended imitation, and it is as much
with that object as with any other
that I come here before you to ad-
vocate the permanency of this school,
to advocate that its influence may be
widened, and to advocate that the
deaf children of Greenock should be
received into this school. In the
school at present there are only four
children, and the expenses of their
education have been borne by the
parents alone. Before I came here I
thought it would be advisable to
ascertain as fully as possible the num-
ber of deaf children who are growing
up in Greenock, without education.
But I found the statistics were defect-
ive. We could not obtain a correct
list of names, but after indefatigable
exertions by Mr. Thomas Borthwick
and a young gentleman who volun-
teered his services—Mr. W. Schuy-
ler Johnson, of Washington, D. C.—
a partial census of Greenock and the
surrounding towns has been made,
and it has resulted in the discovery of
eighteen deaf children of school age.
One has been partially educated at
the Glasgow Institution, but is now
without instruction. One is feeble-
minded, and another is incapable of
attending school on account of ill-
health. Five are now under instruc-
tion, leaving ten healthy, bright,
intelligent children that are growing up
without education in your midst. I
would urge on the school board, and
you the people of Greenock, to

FROM SCRANTON, PA.

J. P. Detweiler has a situation on
the steamer Susquehanna, which plies
between Plymouth and Wilkesbarre,
Nanticoke. He is sober and indus-
trious. His master would like to have
the fellow as long as he wishes to re-
main.

J. F. Eisele and his intimate friend
were recently on a visit to a very
charming mute lady in Plymouth,
on their way to Wilkesbarre, where
their old friends live. They were ex-
ceedingly glad to meet their friends.
Scranton looks nicer than Ply-
mouth, but there is the large Susque-
hanna River in Plymouth. There are
but three steamers. It is said the
river flows nobly.

There will be a grand deaf-mute
picnic at Wahler's Grove, near Dun-
more, on the 29th inst. A very en-
joyable time is anticipated—better
than last year.

A deaf-mute service was recently
held in Carbondale, Pa., by Mr. J.
M. Koehler. There was a large
number of mutes in attendance.

Mr. J. M. Koehler and wife are
taking a vacation in the country.
They will remain until September 1st.
Blue Nose.

from each other, and not bring them
together in large masses away from
the hearing world. [Applause.] A
little day school like this one estab-
lished in Greenock is to my mind
the ideal of a deaf and dumb school.

In this school they are brought to-
gether in small numbers among large
numbers of hearing children. There
is a defect in the writing, manual al-
phabet, and gesture systems for edu-
cating those misnamed the deaf and
dumb. They fail in making the deaf
mingle with hearing children. The
articulation system is alone the meth-
od by which we can mingle deaf
with hearing children. In regard to
those poor children who are growing
up without education, I would like
to put before you a few arguments
from which it is evident that it is
the duty of the people and the
duty of the School Board to assist
the parents of such children in pro-
viding the means of education for
them. The child is born deaf. The
parents have the idea that it is im-
possible to teach a deaf child to
speak, because we notice all children
who are born deaf are also dumb.
The explanation of this fact has
raised the most curious conjectures.

An old writer gravely argues that
there is connection between the
nerves of the tongue and the nerves
of the ear, so that when one is affect-
ed the other is also. I would ask
you to consider not why deaf chil-
dren are dumb, but why you should

EXPECT DEAF CHILDREN TO SPEAK.

Do you speak a language you never
heard? The vocal organs of the deaf
are as perfect as our own, and they
require only to be instructed in the
mechanical position of the mouth in
order to master the language. [Ap-
plause.] The mind of a deaf child is
developed solely from his own ex-
periences. He grows up with the
passions and desires of hearing men
and women without their moral
restraining influences. I have no
hesitation in saying that the unedu-
cated deaf-mute is a danger to the com-
munity in which he is in, and that
it is therefore the duty of the State
to see that he is educated. Let writ-
ing and articulation be the sole
means of communication, for every
other form of language is foreign to
the outside world. Articulation es-
pecially should be cultivated, for it
is the only means by which the deaf
can be set in communication with his
own generation. The success of the
Greenock School in this particular
should be far and widely known. So
far as I know this plan of school is
unique, and is certainly worthy of
the most widespread imitation.

None of those deaf children we see
before us to-day could speak before
they became deaf, and though their
articulation may not be as perfect as
desired, or as perfect as the articula-
tion obtained in special schools of
such size as to permit of the employ-
ment of a teacher whose attention is
exclusively directed to the correction
of defects of utterance, still their
pronunciation is intelligible. [Ap-
plause.] This, to me, is a grand and
significant result, and I feel sure
that this little school is destined to
exert a wide and ever-spreading in-
fluence on the education of the deaf."
[Loud applause.] A vote of thanks
was proposed and seconded to Pro-
fessor Bell for his very interesting
lecture, and remarks on the subject
were made by some of the gentlemen
present.

FROM SCRANTON, PA.

J. P. Detweiler has a situation on
the steamer Susquehanna, which plies
between Plymouth and Wilkesbarre,
Nanticoke. He is sober and indus-
trious. His master would like to have
the fellow as long as he wishes to re-
main.

J. F. Eisele and his intimate friend
were recently on a visit to a very
charming mute lady in Plymouth,
on their way to Wilkesbarre, where
their old friends live. They were ex-
ceedingly glad to meet their friends.
Scranton looks nicer than Ply-
mouth, but there is the large Susque-
hanna River in Plymouth. There are
but three steamers. It is said the
river flows nobly.

There will be a grand deaf-mute
picnic at Wahler's Grove, near Dun-
more, on the 29th inst. A very en-
joyable time is anticipated—better

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1892.

R. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. **Terms, cash in advance.**

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

FOUR PICNICS.

This is a picnic week for the JOURNAL, and the reading matter in the present number will be picnic for its readers. We print detailed accounts of four picnics.

The picnic at Wilkesburg, Pa., appears to have been a successful one. That at Cincinnati, to judge from our correspondent's account, and the report in the Cincinnati daily, which we reproduce, was an A. No. 1 affair. It took place at the Bellevue House, the building wherein the sessions of the National Convention were held. The "Excursion of Michigan Mutes" to Cleveland, was not as large as had been anticipated, but mutes from Ohio and Pennsylvania swelled the number, and somewhat counteracted the disappointment felt at the small mute cargo of the "City of Detroit."

The Manhattan Literary Association has at last pleased the deaf-mutes who are wont to patronize its excursions. The picnic of last week was a success from every point of view. The barge was roomy and clean, the excursionists were many and merry, the programme of dancing was strictly followed, and, last but not least, the caterer dispensed substantial for the inner man which were of good quality and at a fair price. The ham and beef sandwiches were fair-sized and wholesome. Last year they consisted of two wafer-like pieces of bread with a lonesome shaving of meat between—and it required a steady hand and delicacy of touch to apply mustard, otherwise there would be more of that brimstone-flavored article than all other ingredients. The chowder this year had clams in it. At the last picnic, when the pilot was feeling his way through a mist of Jersey mosquitoes, it would require a search-warrant and a professional diver to find the clam which reposed in complacent loneliness some where in the vast cauldron of soup. Soda water and weiss beer was the favorite tipple—perhaps from necessity—of the thirsty excursionists, and it was here that the loss on clams and sandwiches was counterbalanced. By an ingenious process known only to prestidigitators and picnic bartenders, one bottle of soda water filled four glasses, which, at ten cents a glass, would bring in a profit of about seventeen cents a bottle. Hundreds of bottles of the effervescent fluid were sold. But, leaving aside the sandwiches and soda water, the chowder and weiss beer, we can truthfully say, there was more quiet, orderly fun and happiness apparent than could be found anywhere in so small a space and so limited a period of time.

If Miss Morrison had known the bickering and quarreling and trouble that the bequest of \$500 to the New England Gallaudet Association would cause, we believe she would have presented it to the king of the Cannibal Islands, rather than have the passions and morals of New England mutes corrupted by continuous slandering among themselves. If there is any person who can shout "fraud" louder and longer than some of the mutes of New England, that person is a curiosity and no mistake. The approaching Norwich Convention is ostensibly to unveil the Bartlett Bust, to hear the president's address, and such other things as may prove beneficial to the members of the Association. But everyone, so far, seems to have ignored the true purpose for meeting and to imagine it is to find a president, or, in other words, a custodian for a \$500 legacy. We think all this is very wrong as well as useless. It is certainly right and

proper to look after the funds, but it shows a lack of appreciation for the alleged objects of the Association, to lose sight of all else in a canvas for president.

NOTICE.

A service for Deaf-Mutes is appointed to be held in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 30th of July at 2.30 P.M., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiating.

GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Bulletin No. 31.

AURORA, ILLINOIS, July 13, 1892.

The following additional subscription has been paid during the week, through Mr. E. A. Hodgson. All but the last named subscriber are pupils at the New York Institution:

Josephine VanFelt	\$1 00
Frank Houch	27
James Plunkett	50
Wm. M. Genet, New York City,	1 00
Total	\$2 77
Amount already reported,	1,276 93
Total to date,	\$1,279 70

A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer

Reducing the Appropriation for Teachers' Salaries at the Columbia Inst.

The following is clipped from the *New York Herald* of July 12th:

A FLEA BITE OF REPUBLICAN ECONOMY FOR PARTY EXTER.

The Republicans of the Appropriations Committee have determined not to adjourn without showing the country that they are in favor of economy. They have greatly increased the expenditure on public buildings, running up the appropriation for this purpose to about \$6,000,000. They have largely increased the clerical force in the departments, at an additional expense of \$1,200,000, two per cent of which, or \$24,000, will go to Mr. Jay Hubbell's committee. They have run up the River and Harbor bill \$9,000,000 above last year's appropriations. They have insisted on the expenditure of several millions for the monitors, but to-day they determined on economy and reform for the first time in the session. Accordingly they cut down the appropriation for the salaries of the teachers of the District of Columbia Asylum for Deaf Mutes \$6,500.

It is just to say that respectable republicans and democrats both protested against this proposition. Mr. Kasson left the chair to plead with his own party not to do this thing, giving cogent reasons why it should not be done. Mr. Randall and Mr. Springer joined Mr. Kasson, but the Appropriations Committee had made up its mind and insisted, and unless the Senate should be more just than the House the teachers of the deaf mutes will have to suffer for the good of the party.

Below is the *Herald's* editorial comment on the above:

The Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives have recently been increasing estimates at a rate that is calculated to alay any uneasiness as to what is to be done with the surplus in the Treasury. Yesterday, however, they reformed and went in so sternly for economy that they persuaded the House to vote a reduction of six thousand five hundred dollars in the appropriation for the maintenance of the District of Columbia's asylum for deaf mutes. There was consistency as well as economy in this movement, for what have deaf mutes to do with republican politics? The whole lot of them together could not make a single stamp speech, none of them are likely to hold offices on the salaries of which they can be assessed, nor is it probable that any of them will voluntarily contribute to the support of the party of moral ideas. Why, then, should the party spend any of the people's money on deaf mutes when it wants the whole amount for itself.

HIS TONGUE CUT OFF.

VICTIM OF RUSSIAN BARBARITY AT CASTLE GARDEN.

Among the passengers who landed at Castle Garden from the steamship Greece yesterday was an Italian, a Hebrew refugee from Russia, who attracted much attention because he had a plate attached to a cord which was passed around his neck. As he was unable to speak, he was compelled to express himself in writing upon the slate. As he wrote in the language peculiar to the country from whence he came, there was some difficulty in finding a person who could translate for him. The Hebrew refugee's story as given by the translator, was as follows: Natika was, until the late persecutions against the people of his religious belief were commenced by the followers of the Russian Greek Church, possessed of considerable wealth. His business was to lend money on personal property as security. Several Russians to whom he had made numerous loans became deeply indebted to him when he refused to let them have any more money. One night they came to his house, and under the pretext of punishing him for being a Hebrew they dragged him out of bed, hanged him to a tree that grew in front of his door. He was able to touch the ground with the tips of his toes, and was thus saved from strangulation. After perpetrating several other acts of atrocity one of the ruffians

CUT OFF THE VICTIM'S TONGUE with a large pair of shears. About one inch of the member was severed. Natika would have died to death had it not been for the prompt action of a Hebrew surgeon who was one of his neighbors. The surgeon applied a hot iron to the tongue and thus stopped the bleeding. The wound healed and the patient completely recovered from the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, but the loss of a large portion of his tongue made it impossible for him to speak. The Russian authorities were informed of the assault that had been made upon poor Natika, and several of his persecutors were arrested; but the magistrate before whom they were tried dismissed them, on the ground that Natika, having lost the power of speech, was unable to give verbal testimony against the prisoners. When asked what he intended to do in America the poor fellow wrote upon his slate that he had no money, the Russians having deprived him of all his property, he was anxious to obtain employment of some kind. As his business in his native country was simply what would be called in the United States

THAT OF A FARM-BROKER, he is ignorant of any profession or mechanical calling whereby he can obtain a livelihood. A half-hearted member of the Hebrew Aid Society, in State street, gave Natika enough money to purchase a ticket on the Pennsylvania Railroad for Philadelphia, in which city he hopes to find friends among Russian Hebrew refugees who are living in that city.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss K. Ticknor, of Albany, is the guest of Miss Renode, of New York. She expects to remain two weeks.

W. Munger, of Bridgeport, Conn., nearly lost a pair of fingers from his left hand while doing his work in a carving factory.

Wilson Carmichael (deaf-mute) and Lucy Van Caren (hearing), both of Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y., were married three weeks ago.

The Managing Committee of the M. L. A. can certainly be congratulated upon the success of the Picnic last Wednesday. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

The 15th inst., W. A. Jackson and mother were seen in New York. In the evening they started for home. Mr. Jackson had a jolly time at the excursion.

Carrie, daughter of George Sprague, who has been attending a deaf and dumb school in New York City, is at present home on a vacation. *Liberty, N. Y., Register, July 14.*

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis will visit some of her old schoolmates and friends in Central and Western New York, for four weeks. They also expect to visit Niagara Falls, and then take the boat up the lake and return to their home at Mexico.

Mr. B. Souwene, of New York, will have a two weeks' vacation. His plan of spending it is a visit to Boston and some other places. He is willing to accompany a body of mutes from Boston to the Norwich Convention, then return to New York with the body of New Yorkers who go to the Convention. He expects to start August 19th.

The mutes of Iowa are to hold a convention in the House of Representatives at Des Moines, on the 6th and 7th of September, 1892, during the Iowa State Fair. The Convention, being the first one, will be full of interest and pleasure to the eye generally. The inquirer, who made a whistle in the JOURNAL, be satisfied. *Secretary.*

On the 1st of July, Mrs. Mary J. Zimmerman, of Steelton, Pa., and her two little daughters went to Clearspring, Md., to pay a visit to her parents and folks. They went two weeks there. Her daughters, Jennie and Hettie, are sweet and pretty. Every day they amuse themselves swimming. A short time ago, Mr. David O. Blair took a pleasant ride in a carriage with Mrs. Zimmerman, Alice Blair and Laura V. Blair for the purpose of going to Hagerstown, Md., which is 15 miles from Blair's Valley, to make a visit to Mrs. Melinda B. Spickler. She kindly invited all of them to a nice dinner on Melinda's birthday. They enjoyed themselves very much.

The Deaf, Blind and Lame Cured.

MONTREAL, July 14.—Several extraordinary miracles are said to have occurred at the shrine at St. Anne de Beaurve by which the deaf, blind and lame were instantly cured of their infirmities. Hundreds of pilgrims are resorting to the various celebrated shrines in this province. Great numbers are coming from the United States.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BOY LOST AND FOUND.

A boy thirteen years of age, John E. Andrews by name, the son of Mr. James B. Andrews, of Paris Hill, Maine, went to Lewiston on the third of July, with \$2.50 in his pocket, for the purpose of celebrating the Fourth. He was accompanied by Mr. Josiah Quincy, who boarded at his father's house. They stayed at Lincoln Block. Tuesday morning the boy started out to see the day's sights, and none of his friends saw him for a week. When his dumb chaplain returned to Paris Hill without his young charge, the boy's parents thought he had gone to Webster, but ascertained that he had not been there. The father and the mother as well as deaf and dumb. The boy was found Tuesday, July 11th. He had been to West Farmington.

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE.

POTTSMOUTH, Pa., July 15, 1892.—On the evening of July 8, a ten-year-old son of George Wolfe, a well-to-do farmer, residing three miles east of Girard Manor, in Catawissa Valley, wandered from home into the woods, where he was lost for six days. The child's absence was not noticed by the parents until several hours after his disappearance. The child is deaf and dumb and of feeble mind. Wolfe's house, being situated in a wild, thickly settled district, there is a high fence surrounding the dwelling to prevent his children from going into the woods. On the date above mentioned the was gate left open through which the child disappeared. Mrs. Wolfe quickly gave the alarm to her husband, who was working in the field, and together they began the search, which the night's darkness soon terminated. Their neighbors were summoned to the number of twenty-five, and they all started next morning at daybreak, scouring the hills and valleys in vain. The mother became frantic, but no trace of the missing boy could be found until the six days had passed, when two hundred and fifty people were engaged in the search climbing rugged mountains, and wandering through swamps. The father at last beheld his son sitting on a rock crying bitterly. He was taken home, five miles distant, and now lies in a precarious condition, the result of long suffering, and the bites and stings of innumerable insects and snakes. The child's body presented a terrible appearance. He appeared his hunger by eating bark from trees, a piece of which he had in his hands when found. His clothing consisted of a night shirt only.

W. E. can find Charles Doane by addressing him at Syracuse, N. Y.

There will be a mute wedding in Lambertville, N. J., on the 16th of August.

There is joy in the house of Michael Gilmarin, of Morris Run, Pa. It's a bouncing baby boy.

B. G. Kingley wants his friends to put "Tigna Co." on letters addressed to him at Mansfield, Pa.

Miss Patterson, of New York City, is visiting her friends in Boston. She says she is going to spend all the summer there.

Mr. Frederick Lohse and wife, and another friend, Mrs. Brooks, paid a three days' visit to Miss Amelia Derr, at her home in Tremont, Pa.

Mr. Russell Smith, Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Iowa Convention, wishes to announce that hereafter his address will be 1510 Capitol Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

Prof. Thomas H. Jewell, of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is making his annual call upon his Rome friends.—*Rome Sentinel, July 11.*

Prof. F. S. Selinay and wife, of the Rome School, is making a week's visit at Aurora Co. with Mr. Selinay's father.—*Rome Sentinel, July 11.*

Edward W. Stone was in Baltimore lately spending a few days with his wife's relatives. He met many mutes whom he did not know. His two sons are in Colorado.

James H. Caton is visiting his friend Wm. Cotter, in Brooklyn. He met and had a chat with Willie White, also Misses Maggie McCormick and Emma Long.

Mr. Joseph H. Penrose went to Riegelsville, Pa., last Tuesday, July 11th. He visited his sister, Mrs. Lizzie Heller. He will stay some weeks, and afterwards will return to Norristown, Pa.

Charles Poor, a deaf-mute, 17 years old, a son of Nathan H. Poor, 2d, of Tapleville, was run over by the cars at Peabody last evening. He was injured on his head, and one of his feet was partially cut off.—*Boston Advertiser, July 5.*

A Boston aurist has several patients who complained of deafness in one ear caused by much use of the telephone. He advises those who are thus engaged to apply the instrument alternately to their right and left ear.

While in Fort Wayne, Ind., Rev. Mr. Mann heard it reported, on good authority, that John M. Daniel, a graduate of the Indiana Institution, was killed near Butler, Ind., while walking on the railroad.

Lewis Lyons, of Waco, Texas, was at a picnic on the Fourth of July. He is going to Marlin, Tex., to stay a couple of weeks, and wishes to hear from Wm. Kelly before starting. He will go to Compe's Circus on the 22d.

Rev. T. L. Berry regrets having to disappoint mutes at Geneva and Utica by postponing services, but he was called to the deathbed of his sister in Montreal, and hence was unable to keep the appointments. A service in each place will soon be appointed.

Miss Hattie Wilson, of Easton, Pa., has been spending two weeks with George Loomis in New York City. She said she enjoyed very much visiting with George Loomis. George is in in Easton again. She expects to stay all summer with Hattie Wilson.

George Pepin, Michigan's Deaf-Mute wrestler, is foreman of a stove mill at County Line, Mich. He was in East Saginaw on the Fourth, and had three friendly wrestling matches, in the presence of a large crowd, all of which he won easily. He is anxious to make a match for fifty or one hundred dollars a side.

Mr. Edward Stone, of Araby, Md., writes: "I read paper that Henry Townsend (deaf-mute) died last March 23, age of 68, in Marion City, Ind. His wife is sister to Dr. Chapman's wife, Mrs. Chapman, formerly Miss Dillingham, who died last year. Mrs. Townsend has moved from Marion City, Ind., to Hamilton, O."

On Thursday, July 20th, Julius F. Lang will have a two weeks' vacation from his shoe factory. He proposes to make a trip up the glorious Hudson, stopping at a few various cities along the route to visit his deaf-mute friends. He will go up the river as far as Troy, thence go by rail to Saratoga, where he expects to meet his friend and old classmate, William Fosmire. At Kingston, his first stopping place along the Hudson, he will stop over for a few days with his rural friend, Mr. Solomon H. Winne. He expects to be in Albany and meet his many friends there about a week after he starts out on his trip.

One of our European correspondents writes under the date of June 29th: "At Grover House, London, yesterday afternoon, an examination was held of the pupils of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The Chair was taken by the Earl Granville, the president of the association. In his address the chairman referred to the introduction of the German or oral system into England, and the success which it had attained under the direction of Mr. Van Praagh, the principal of the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, founded by the late Baroness Meyer de Rothschild. The experiment was in fact so successful, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the Baroness determined to establish a training college for teachers, and a school in which those who were dumb simply because they were born deaf might be taught to speak."

HE WAS DEAF.

(St. Louis Republican.)

Mr. J. P. M. Harrison, of Ashley, Ill., arrived in East St. Louis yesterday and identified the body of the man killed on the Cologne railroad on Sunday as Samuel A. Harrison, and a cousin of his. From the Ashley Harrison it was learned that the dead man was a deaf-mute, which accounts for his not hearing the engineer's danger signals as the engine approached him. The dead man was about 35 years of age, unmarried, and had a mother in Arkansas. For a year or more the unfortunate man had been employed in the Missouri Car and Foundry works in South St. Louis, and boarded at 1218 Lynch Street. On Sunday, as was his custom, he went to take a stroll, crossed the bridge to East St. Louis, and then took the Cologne road to East Grondelotte, where he doubtless intended to cross to South St. Louis, but got killed on the way. His employers state that he was a good workman, and a steady and industrious man. He has a trunk at 1218 Lynch Street, St. Louis, and a good sum of money in some bank, the name of which is not yet ascertained, but probably will be when the trunk is opened. The remains were taken to Ashley last evening by his cousin for interment. His cousin, after burial, will return to St. Louis and investigate the dead man's affairs.

COLUMBUS.

Balloon Ascension.

STILL AT WORK

Excursion, Base Ball, Etc., Etc.

The work of tearing down the old structure, heretofore used as an ice-house, carpenter shop, wood shed and fire-engine house—it is two weeks since the removal was begun—is little over a half finished. The delay or the slowness with which it is being done, is very trying to the patience of those who feel that excavation ought to have commenced by this time.

The Institute proper is still undergoing a thorough renovation in the way of scrubbing, cleaning, repairing and painting. The door-ways of all the schoolrooms on the first floor have been widened and new transoms put up for the better ventilation of the rooms. There is an immense amount of work to be done, and it is being pushed with great energy and all possible speed.

So many people have been coming and going since the school closed, that only a few names can now be recollected. The venerable Willard, of Indianapolis, Ind., has been here to make calls on some friends who are still in the land of the living. It is said of Mr. Willard that he is only eight-tenths short of being a millionaire. Mr. Deems, of Washington college, en route to his home near Piqua, O., made a stop here for one day.

His friends and acquaintances were very glad to see him again. The next day ushered in Mr. John Leib, who looked none the worse after a year's tear and wear at the college. Messrs. Eldridge and Evans came up from Springfield, Ohio, on the Fourth, taking their friends quite by surprise. They returned on the evening train. "Rev." Mr. Kennedy, a Methodist preacher, of some notoriety in by-gone days, walked into the Institute one afternoon last week. He looked quite old, dim, and somewhat infirm. He spoke of thirty years' service in the missionary field. If anyone is incredulous, just glance up at his ancient hat, and give him the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. MacIntire, Superintendent of the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, honored our Institute with a call one day two weeks ago. It is given that Michigan will need four new teachers for the next term of school. As your correspondent mislaid the opportunity of seeing Mr. MacIntire, this paragraph is abruptly cut short.

"The day we celebrate" might have passed unnoticed in Columbus but for the plucky little juveniles of this city, who kept up all day—what soon became a monotony of fire-crackers and other explosives, and the promise of a balloon ascension from the State House yard. Among the large concourse of spectators that thronged in and around the yard, was our respected editor of the *Vis-a-Vis*. He waited five mortal hours to take note of the balloon ascension, which, however, owing to the high temperature of the weather, underwent a postponement to the morrow. The next day brought out our indefatigable *Vis-a-Vis* editor, bending his steps balloonward, with ten pounds of Globe mills paper in one hand and a half-a-dozen of Faber's best pencils in the other. But the Fates were seemingly against him, for the wind blew and the rain descended. Nothing daunted, the man of the quill dodged under trees and awnings along the streets until—here suddenly the sun shone forth again, and only a shower having overtaken him—the State House yard was in full view. Lo! not a solitary person was to be seen in the yard, and after waiting several hours, the climax was reached—from that time forward the Professor's faith in the Balloon man waned. Thursday found the editor out in the yard of his house before a hanged up carpet, and our friend, P., who understands the scientific handling of a stick, as he is versatile with the pen, was attacking the dust-bedded carpet. Leaving him thus valiantly engaged, we were transformed to another scene, at the Institute—witnessing a rush of hurrying legs up the several flights of stairs, with the writer drawn into the current of the excitement, and soon we landed upon the terrace of our highest tower. Such a craning of necks and straining of eyes, nothing could withstand as we presently discovered the yellow crown, part of the balloon, just below the horizon of the tops of trees that dotted along within the east side of the State House enclosure. They were not quite ready yet. We waited, and east ourselves about taking a bird's eye view of the ever-busy city of Columbus, and drinking in the glorious enchanting beauty of the outlying suburbs, and somehow the chord in our heart seemed to respond to the music of the essayist's "Beyond"; we wondered where the essayist herself (Miss Hoagland) and the other dear scholars were at this moment, and what they might be doing—when, all at once, our reverie was broken in by an ex-

clamation and an energetic pointing of some twenty fingers in the direction of the State House yard; surely enough, the great balloon was looming up, labelled in bold letters, "COLUMBUS." The rising was grand, majestic; when it had reached a thousand feet from the ground, it poised itself, (the air being very calm) maintaining a motionless position for a few moments, and then moved on, wafted to the north, receding gracefully, polka fashion, away until it disappeared from sight. The city papers reported next morning the safe descent of the balloon upon the grounds of the Central College, about twelve miles northeast of the city. The aeronaut, Prof. Grimley, of New York, has promised to give another exhibition next year on the Fourth of July. We shall wish our *Vis-a-Vis* editor better luck next time, as we think he has been badly cheated out of a good sight this year.

Mr. James Park, whose arrival at Kansas City was chronicled in the last number, has "pitched his tent" at Santa Barbara, Cal., where he expects to remain for several weeks. Of the State of Kansas, through which he passed, he says he was not particularly struck with the appearance of the country. The iron horse next showed him through the territory of Arizona, of which country, on leaving, he spoke as being not only too glad to shake the dust from his sandals, but also to disrobe himself of its mantle of alkali. We do not mean to leave out in the cold the mention of New Mexico. Mr. Park has a cherishing remembrance of her, especially at Santa Fe, where, in the hurry of his departure, he left as a memento of his august presence the gift (of a No. 1 linen duster, and at another place his best Sunday hat.

A number of our people, embracing the names of Messrs. P. P. Pratt, Ed. J. Scott, Jos. Leib, McGinness and Swords, of this city, boarded an excursion train on the night of the 3d of July, for Cleveland, Ohio, reaching there the next morning, when they resigned themselves into the hands of the Committee of Arrangements for the Fourth. After preambulating the depot about two precious hours, they fell into a mood, such that they thought they saw somebody's ears longer than their head, and finally concluded they would strike out for themselves. In his ramble over the city, Mr. Pratt paid his respects to the tomb of President Garfield, and from the Cemetery Hill, quietly enjoyed a view of the beautiful lake. He next came across the base ball grounds upon which two noted rival clubs were playing. Towards evening, just before the time of starting on his return, Mr. P. chanced to meet two of our teachers, Messrs. Schory and Greener, who had been "doing" Cleveland since noontime. The other boys managed to pick their way to the grounds where the party from Michigan were congregating. It is understood they took in the measure of the Michigananders from head to foot, and pronounced them capital fellows.

Mrs. Mattie M. W. Perry, the wife of our beloved Superintendent, who had been making a two weeks' visit in Burton, O., came back home "a reed shaking in the wind." A bad tooth was at the bottom of the elements. Last Friday, she had so far recovered that she started off again, for Cincinnati, though still looking like "the lily of the valley." Her friends hope, on her final return, to greet her as the "Rose of Sharon"—perfectly restored to health.

F. C. Sessions, Esq., one of our trustees, left here with his wife on Friday last, for New York, from whence they take the steamer on the 19th inst. for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Sessions will spend two or three months visiting in England, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wakefield have fixed the date of their departure for the East—July 20th.

Mr. J. D. H. Stewart and wife expect to go to New York State on or after the 1st of August next. Mr. Stewart is teacher of our first Grammar class.

R. H. Atwood has received a pressing invitation to make a visit to his uncle in Northern Illinois. He will probably start with his little daughter in the early part of next month. Mr. Atwood will make one of the number of teachers from Ohio in attendance upon the coming convention at Jacksonville, Ill.

The Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb comes within one inch of distinguishing itself as a stepping stone to the Nation's Legislative Halls. Hon. John W. McCormick, of the Eleventh Congressional District, nominated as the republican candidate for Congress, at Portsmouth, O., on the 36th ballot, is the husband of Miss Sarah Ann Miles, who, until her marriage with Mr. McCormick, was assistant matron at this Institution during Mr. G. O. Fay's superintendency. We well remember her as a modest, lovely woman, with all the accomplishments of a cultured lady, and beloved by every one for the kindness of her heart and gentleness of demeanor. When on a visit to her home in this city last Christmas, she made a call at our Institution in the evening, and received very warm greetings from her old friends. As the District has three thousand republican majority, the Hon. Mr. McCormick will undoubtedly have "a walk over" in that political field when election day takes place in October next. Therefore, it may not be amiss to say that congratulations are in order to send to Gallia, O., the present home of Mrs. Sarah Miles McCormick.

Here, in Columbus, base ball play-

ing, which has been lagging somewhat ever since the season opened, seems to be reviving with very considerable enthusiasm. A very exciting game was played between two amateur clubs of this city—the Hurons and the Railroads. The following extract from the *Ohio State Journal*, of Monday last, will give our boys some idea of the game:

"The game yesterday opened out shortly after one o'clock, and continued until nearly half-past seven. Dandan, the mute, pitched to the Huron batters, and made it exceedingly hot for them. In fact, without him the Railroads would have had no show at all. Notwithstanding they were much larger and stronger than their opponents, the little fellows would undoubtedly have added another to their clear string of victories, but for the terrific pitching of that terrible 'dummy.'"

The Railroads scored 13 runs, to the Hurons' 12. It is sincerely to be regretted that Mr. Dundan should have allowed himself to be inveigled into so utter a disregard to the Sabbath observance, otherwise his friends at the Institute would have felt justly proud of his achievements. Mr. D. was formerly connected with the Independents of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

NUMBER THREE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

We left Mendon on the morning of the 4th inst., for a trip to Rome City, Ind., and arrived there at 10 A.M., sharp, in full enjoyment of a beautiful day—bright sunshine and balmy air, grass green and birds singing. Nothing unusual happened on our route except the sight of several coach loads of strangers, being mostly crowded, going on their own way to enjoy themselves.

Island Park is one of the most beautiful places in the country, where nature and art combine to make everything inviting to the crowds, who gather yearly to attend the Island Park Assembly. It contains nice lakes, islands, boats, shady-trees, meeting-campings, etc., etc., being near Rome City, of about 400 inhabitants, on the line of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad. There were present about 10 mutes, but we were a little disappointed to have several ladies absent from our company. Our sympathy was expressed for Miss Chloe E. Brothers and her people for the recent death of her loving aunt. We did not learn what caused her death. Her funeral took place at 3 P.M.

The following morning, July 5th, we got off at Goshen, Ind., to have the pleasure of an interview with Mr. Whitmore, a guest of Mr. Cripe, both graduates of the Indiana School. He said he was on his way back to Laporte, Ind., where he was an apprentice. After he had gone, Mr. Cripe accompanied us for a couple of hours. He appeared to be a gentleman of intelligence.

William Berryman, one of the JOURNAL readers, said he felt glad of being born a farmer, and his brother Henry said he was born a better farmer, while the other brother, John, claimed himself to be a "Jack of all trades." The three mute brothers graduated from the Indiana School, and are living 5 miles west of Goshen, and have been doing very well ever since.

Mrs. John W. Berryman had an evening festival every second Saturday this present season at her residence, which, according to the report of those who were present, was quite a success. All had a good time, and well they might, for there is the place to have a good time.

We have for a week been out in the country, having a nice time talking and doing all kinds of chores. The time passed away very pleasantly, and I must say I feel the blues to get back to "stick" at my case again.

Since writing the above, I have been (on my way back here) through a portion of northern Indiana, and southern Michigan, which I found mantled with rich crops. The corn crop is far behind, though it is said it will come out all right this fall.

We gladly note that Mr. Robert F. Clark, a graduate of the Indiana School, has for five years been in Vicksburg, 8 miles north of here, engaged in the furniture business, and also Mr. Wm. M. Allman, of Sturgis, 15 miles south of here, has been rapidly increasing his "Winger manufacturing" business in his new brick factory, being built completely last summer on the line of the G. R. & I. R. R.

As I have written more than I intended, I will close for the present.

With best wishes for the success of the JOURNAL.

Respectfully yours,

FRANK M. HAYES.

Troy Picnic.

NEW YORK.

THE EXCURSION

The most Successful Ever Held.

THE CREAM OF DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY PRESENT.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The twelfth of July was indeed a perfect summer's day. Not a cloud could be seen in the sky. The sun's rays darted down unobstructed. A gentle breeze modified the otherwise intense heat.

On the 12th of July the excursion of the M. L. A. took place.

The first landing to be made was the pier at 8th Street, East River, where the barge Vanderbilt capable of accommodating 900 people, took those mates waiting there. After all were on board, the tug took the barge in tow and soon the landing at West 11th Street, North River, was made.

Here about 300 deaf-mutes and their friends were in waiting. Soon all were on board, and the barge took its course up the Hudson.

When the barge was fairly started dancing programmes were distributed, and the band struck up a grand march, which was immediately followed by the lancers.

The programme was faithfully carried out, and the lovers of dancing clung to the upper deck till the vessel reached the grove.

The orchestra was the best that was ever seen on the M. L. A. excursions. The leader, Mr. Lemlein, besides going faithfully through the regular programme, added several tunes of his own selection which greatly delighted the hearing persons.

The scenery along the route was simply splendid. The banks were a mass of verdure.

On passing the New York Institution, a single person was seen, who on seeing the barge, began waving a white rag as large as a bed sheet. On noticing this, the whole east side of the barge was a flutter of handkerchiefs. This seemed to paralyze the sheet waver, who got his head entangled in the sheet, and before he released himself the barge had disappeared.

The tug kept its steady puff, puff, puff, with clock-like regularity, and as it drew the barge along an ever changing panorama was presented to the eye.

To describe the scenery would be an impossible task. It defies description.

Mount Pleasant Grove was reached at about 2 p.m., and on the landing of the boat, a rush was made to secure good tables by those who had baskets, while those who preferred to buy their lunch got what they wanted either on board the boat at the restaurant in the grove.

All the side-show men in the grove, were richer at the end of the excursion than at the beginning. The photographer got the most patronage, and no doubt wishes he could make as much every day.

Two hours were spent at the grove and everybody had plenty of time to amuse themselves, and when the return whistle was heard everybody was ready to return to the boat.

At the pavilion in the grove a skipping rope match took place. Several of the young ladies distinguished themselves. The fastest gentleman skipper was Mr. Lefi. The men at the end of the rope were exhausted while Mr. Lefi was urging them to go faster.

On the return trip everybody entered into the fun with redoubled interest. Couples who did not dance on the up trip went right through the programme. The fact that the day's pleasure was more than half done seemed to exert them to greater effort.

An exciting race was witnessed between the steamers Drew and Long Branch. The latter seemed to have the best of it. As the tide was against the barge, the progress made was not as fast as was expected, but, nevertheless, 11th Street was reached in good time—at about 8 o'clock. Eighth Street was reached an hour later.

WHO WERE THERE.

Of those present we noticed Harry White, of Beverly, Mass., who monopolized the society of one of Brooklyn's most charming mute ladies.

Mr. A. Bensel, who when it comes to photography, got left.

Mrs. Fannie Smithson, of Cincinnati Ohio, and her charming little daughter, accompanied by Miss Noble and Miss Grey, both of whom are her intimate friends.

Mr. Schult, of Sangerties, N. Y., the deaf-mute preacher, who came on purpose to attend the excursion.

John F. Tresch, the artist, who had been in Canada, went around with "colors flying." He took several very creditable sketches of persons on board.

Messrs. O. W. Fitzgerald, and Mr.

Jones Baird, of East New York, remained on the lower deck, and talked politics.

Mr. G. W. Gross, of Jersey, City, let every body know that he was on board.

A well known instructor of the deaf met one of his old pupils and began talking of old times. Soon they wandered into the latest scientific discoveries. The professor waxed warm and suddenly exclaimed, "Do you recollect ever having electrified a body by squeezing?" The ex-pupil only remained silent.

Messrs. Reynolds, Soper, Waters, Greis and Wilkinson, of the "Twilight Union," and Messrs. Davis, White, Jackson, Heyman and Guggenheimer, were photographed in a group. The photograph represented them as bearing a striking resemblance to a gang of 10th Ward bruisers.

Mr. Timothy Driscoll, of Columbia College, took the opportunity to improve his knowledge of botany. He was seen on his hands and knees in one of the most luxuriant portions of the grove, examining the vegetation with a microscope as large as a plate.

John Hogan sold an immense number of tickets for the excursion. He carried the proceeds of the sale around in his pocket. Fearing some one might steal it, he placed an open rat-trap in his pocket. Happening to stumble against a chair, the teeth of the trap closed on one of his legs.

Mr. James Russell and Mr. W. G. Pownall remained on the lower deck and discussed the Egyptian question. Sol Schloss gave us to understand he was writing his biography.

T. Brown, wife and lady friend patronized the swing at the grove.

Misses L. Quinn, Nellie Cashman, Martha Cashman, Ella Weinberger, and Messrs. O'Brien, Donohue and Donnelly, were photographed in a group. The photographer said it was the best group he had ever taken. Our colored delegation, Mrs. Simmons and family, spread themselves all over the grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Eckardt were there with their infant child.

On seeing the arrival of the Weinbergers with their numerous baskets and bundles, we thought they were going to run the restaurant on board, but it was only the "little lunch" they had brought.

Mr. McClave and family and Mr. Leary, who live near the grove, were down there upon the arrival of the barge, and as the boat neared the dock, they were greeted with all the spare handkerchiefs on board.

Mr. D. H. Brophy, of Higginum, Ct., who was by no means bashful, always had something to say, and as a result he added a score or two to his list of acquaintances.

Thomas Holland, who considers himself one of the best dancers in the city, went around informing those who were not posted that the latest additions were the "Liverpool Lurch," the "Boston Dip" and the "South Sea Cuddle."

Mrs. Collins, on seeing an ice barge passing, asked what it was loaded with. "Ice," was the reply. "If the horrid stuff should melt, the boat would sink," exclaimed Mrs. C.

Mrs. Roberts was delighted to see so many of her friends present.

The Haight family were out in full force.

Miss Abel, of the Lexington Avenue School, may be considered the champion of the skipping rope.

Mr. August Souweine was floor manager. He supervised the dancing in a way that pleased all. Daniel Ward, who was to have acted as floor manager, was unable to be present.

A tug-of-war took place between some ladies and gentlemen on the lower deck. The anchor man for the men's side was C. Haar. Soon the strain became too great for the ladies, and they suddenly let go of the rope. The men on the other end of the rope fell on the "anchor," and nearly drove him through the deck.

The following ladies and gentlemen always come in a bunch. They have attended these excursions for the past four or five years: Jane, Harriet and Charlotte E. Diamond, Mrs. Ida L. Gutsell, Mrs. Blackstock, Fanny Ode, Kitty Seallon, Mrs. Sabra, Chester and Annie Nesbitt, Miss Lynn and Wm. E. Diamond. It was noticed an addition had been made to the party since the last excursion, in the shape of cherub.

Mrs. Ward, of Newark, came with Miss Jennie Williams.

Messrs. Malkmus, Lloyd and Campbell, and Messrs. Genett, Campbell, Bookwell, Singer and Annie and Maggie Burke, amused themselves on the lower deck trying to outskip each other.

David Fox seemed to be laboring under the delusion that he had charge of the boat, as he sat on the tow-line all the way up.

Tommy Fox was the gayest of the gay, as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Juhring were seen every where.

Misses Emily and Carrie Ludwig, with their two mischievous brothers Henry and Gussie, made themselves conspicuous.

The ever-jolly Mr. Witschief, as usual, delivered a lecture.

Messrs. Henry and Kelly, with several lady friends, added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Ben Pettit was on hand.

Ex-Sergeant-at-Arms Campbell walked about with a serene smile.

Merritt Ostrander and wife, with their two children, came from Whiteport, N. Y., and did not regret it.

Miss Katie Ticknor, of the Fordham School, was photographed with the gushing George Lucas Reynolds.

George went into raptures over the picture.

The Revs. Gallaudet and Chamberlain were present, and every one appeared delighted to see them. It was expected that Rev. Job Turner would attend, but it seems his presence was needed elsewhere.

Chas. O'Brien started the rumor of a devil-fish being seen on the Jersey side of the river. It turned out to be a dead dog.

Mrs. Bailey tried to palm herself off as a Clairvoyant. As she charged nothing, she was allowed to peep into every body's future.

Cicisbeo Froellich was astonished to find himself surrounded by so many beauties. For the first time in his life, his classical brow was troubled with the thought that he could not attend to them all.

Piquant Miss Fleuhr was as usual the centre of admiration of the graduates of the Articulation School.

Jovial Phil Tobin skun his hands before he got enough swing at the grove.

S. L. Brown, who was to have acted as assistant floor manager, was not present. The absence of the floor manager at the Levee, and both the manager and assistant at the Excursion, ought to teach the Association that outside assistance can never be relied upon.

Sol Cornelius worked like a horse for the success of the affair.

The dancing programme was fearfully criticised by the typos on board.

Wm. Munger, of Bridgeport, N. Y., who graduated from the 44th St. School, conversed with his former classmates in the beautiful language of signs.

The Committee of Arrangements were Messrs. Eckardt, Chairman; Hogan, Cornelius, Stein and Frey. The Floor Committee were Messrs. Diamond, Pospisil and Schloss. All were red badges.

lady was invisible.

Miss Mittie DeWitt, who was in constant dread of the barge being capsized by a sea serpent, clung to the vessel when the swell of a passing steamer struck the boat.

J. D. Shelton was seen puffing contentedly at a 15 center.

Miss Lillian R. Jones, of Brooklyn, said she enjoyed herself.

The receipts of the Excursion figured up to over \$115.

Among the many other deaf-mutes who were present we noticed Miss G. Sondberg, Miss M. Schmidt, B. Schott, S. Wormer, R. Rusk, A. Federer, H. Short, J. Knowlton, E. McGann, F. Robinson, Miss Batz, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Cafrey, E. Balsam, S. Howlett, Mrs. Egan, Miss Vollman, Miss Abrahams, Mrs. Brinck, Miss Robinson, Miss Kelly, Mr. Scott, W. Ernest, J. Reilly, Jr., H. Samuels, H. Schneider, I. Mandlo, W. Spink, Miss Glass, Mrs. Howlett, Miss Cobane, Miss Finn, Misses Lefi and Walker, Messrs. Lowenstein and Genett, E. Werdenschlag, Miss Strahle, E. Basch, J. Ackley, of Stottville, N. Y., E. Winchester, J. Lyng, F. Stratton, C. Lewis, I. Soper and many others.

The following is the Order of Dancing, which was the best ever gotten up by the M. L. A.:

ORDER OF DANCING.

PART I.

1 Grand March, - - - - - To the M. L. A.

2 Lancers, - - - - - Weinberger

3 Waltz, - - - - - Only

4 Quadrille, - - - - - Brahms

5 Schottische, - - - - - Stocker

6 Lancers, Glide, - - - - - Lemlein

7 Polka, - - - - - Nussbaum

8 Virginia Reel, - - - - - Felix

9 Brahms, - - - - - Glazoff

10 Quadrille, March, - - - - - Lemlein

O

INTERMISSION.

ORDER OF DANCING.

PART II.

1 Re-entree, - - - - - To our Guests

2 Lancers, - - - - - Boettger

3 Waltz, - - - - - Strauss

4 Quadrille, - - - - - Brahms

5 Polka, - - - - - Nussbaum

6 Virginia Reel, - - - - - Lemlein

7 Schottische, - - - - - Glazoff

8 Quadrille Waltz, - - - - - Glazoff

9 Waltz, - - - - - Brahms

10 Quadrille, - - - - - Lemlein

O

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The following is from the New York Sun, of July 13th:

SILENT PICNICKERS.

WAITING TO A RHYTHM THEY SAW, NOT HEARD, AND GOSPELING WITH FINGERS ONLY.

Early yesterday morning vivacious and nervous-looking groups of people hurried down the pier at Eighth Street, and boarded the barge W. H. Vanderbilt. They were in nearly every case deaf and dumb, but their faces were mobile and jolly. Occasionally, they were accompanied by a hearing-looking deaf and dumb were along, but the vast majority could neither speak nor hear. They gesticulated with the utmost freedom and precision, and seemed to be on capital terms with each other.

The barge was towed away at 9:15 o'clock, and after rounding the Battery stopped at the foot of West Eleventh street, and took several hundred more, until more than five hundred crowded on the barge. The newcomers were greeted with a thousand mystic passes of the hands and exclamations, and when they had crowded aboard and the large moved off, every available foot of space was occupied.

It was the sixth annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association, which made every Thursday night in the basement of St. Ann's Church in eighteenth street, under the care of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. The association is composed of deaf-mutes, and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, its assistant, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, were both along yesterday. The committee in charge was Adolph Eckardt, S. Cornelius, A. Stein, J. Hogan, and H. Frey. There was a band on board which played with great vigor, encouraged apparently by the lack of competition in voices. A few of the five hundred could hear, and they began to wait gaily when the band played a selection from "The Merry War." The others, seeing they danced, caught the rhythm, and presently the deck was alive with dancers. Below the men stood at gravely and talked with their hands. Many of them could understand what was said by watching the speaker's lips, if he spoke carefully, though this exercise was seldom needed where so few spoke. Little children with bright faces romped around and frolicked wildly. Often they would stop, touch each other's shoulders and go through a series of rapid passes, and then rush to play again.

Women and pretty girls in white lawn dresses whirled off an endless amount of gyratory chatter, and smiled and nodded with charming animation. A happy-looking boy, a happy-looking load of excursionists never sailed up the Hudson, but the effect was very odd when the band stopped playing. Nothing could be heard but

the low shuffle of feet and the puffing of the hard-working tug.

When they arrived at Mount Pleasant the officers of the committee stood by the plank and got everybody safely ashore. The children went frolicking among the trees and besieged the swings like flies. Their elders, still sociably waving their fingers about, prepared for lunch, and sought shady places. The day was passed pleasantly, and very much to the surprise of the Captain of the barge, the whistle for the return trip seemed to be heard by nearly every one. The barge did not reach Eleventh street until nearly 8:30, when the excursionists, with a thousand more gesticulations and never-failing smiles, bade each other good night.

Frank Senior has gone to New England, where he will room at large about ten or fifteen days. He expects to return to wicked Gotham about the 29th.

Two infants were baptized by Rev. John Chamberlain, at St. Ann's on Sunday last—one the child of Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, and one of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, of Jersey City, were at St. Ann's last Sunday.

Miss Mary Fullam, a teacher in the Rome Institution, was at St. Ann's last Sunday.

A deaf-mute tramp, supposed to be John Breen, has made his appearance in New York City. He seems to be a rather slippery fellow, and when asked for his name, he gives it as Chas. J. Guiteau, and says he hails from Chicago. He mentioned D. W. George, of that city, as being his "favorite friend."

D. Sullivan, of Haverstraw, N. Y., is in town. He has been having visited by W. Ennis, who is employed on the Catskill, N. Y., Morning Mail.

On July 3d, E. J. Halliey and Miss Hannah Kevitt visited the principal points of interest in New York.

X. X. X.

"THE BARTLETT MEMORIAL."

Service will commence August 27th at 10:30 p.m., in Park Congregational Church, Norwich, Ct., with a sermon by Rev. W. L. Bacon, D.D., and interpreted to the mutes by Prof. Abel S. Clark.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2:30 p.m., an eulogy on Prof. D. E. Bartlett will be given, and a hymn repeated in signs by Mrs. Follett, after which a collection will be taken up for the Norwich Fund. Letter reading will then commence, and short addresses will be given. Then all will repair in presence of the cloister where the unveiling will take place. A dedication prayer will follow, and a hymn in signs will close the exercises.

At 7:30 p.m., there will be a combined service at which the hearing may speak and the dumb make responses. This closes the day.

The N. E. G. A. will open its services Monday, August 27th, at 9:30 a.m., particulars of which will be given in future.

Arrangements with hotels have been made as follows:

Wauregan Hotel - - - \$1.75

Union Square Hotel - - - \$1.75

Metropolitan Hotel - - - \$1.75

American Hotel - - - \$1.25

Those stopping over the Sabbath only will pay \$2.00 and \$1.50 for board.

The railroads, as far as have been heard from, are the N. Y. & N. E. R. R. and the New London Northern R. R. All from Boston and vicinity should take the N. Y. & N. E. R. R. The fares are as previously reported:

From Boston and return, \$3.75

From Worcester and return, \$1.80

From Providence and return, \$1.50

From Waterbury and return, \$2.60

From Hartford and return, \$1.60

Those coming from Hartford will change cars at Willimantic and take the New London Northern to Norwich.

August 30th an excursion to Lyle's Beach will be given, where can be enjoyed a good shore dinner. There is the best field for base ball games. The party that beats the other at base ball will be given a dinner—perhaps a prize will be offered for the best nine by Mr. Walker.

It is desirable that I should be advised as to the number who will come to the Convention. Please mention what hotel you will stop at, so that I can get you booked. Rooms in the best hotels are limited, and the proprietors wish me to give them two weeks' notice, so they may arrange for extra accommodations. Single persons will room together.

To those deaf-mutes in New England, it will be necessary that I should know the number that will assemble at points along the New York & New England R. R., so that I shall have a supply of tickets on hand to distribute. The railroad company ask me if I can tell the number that will take the trains. They must be advised of that by the 1st of August.

Wm. H. WEEKS,

Com. of Arrangements,

22 Atwood St., Hartford, Ct.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Detroit, Mich., - - - " 23rd.

East Saginaw, Mich., - - - " 24th.

Grand Rapids, " - - - " 25th.

Jackson, " - - - " 26th.

CLEVELAND.

A Description of the Picnic.

MUTES FROM DIFFERENT STATES PRESENT.

A Visit to Garfield's Cemetery.

Cleveland silent people, who were aware of the picnic which was to be given by the Detroit gentlemen and ladies, gave them a welcome by meeting them at Rocky River, seven miles from Cleveland.

At six o'clock in the morning, the committee, consisting of Messrs. Viets, Weber, and Edwards, (the last one being absent, owing to some business) went to the wharf to meet the Detroit excursionists. Much to their disgust, they found only eight gentlemen and ladies, whose names were Messrs. Kerr, Hunter, Morton, Perry, a pupil from Flint, name forgotten, and three ladies, Mrs. Kerr and Borden, accompanied by the former's two daughters and latter's daughter, and a lady who was familiar with the finger conversation—name forgotten, who spent all day with us.

The weather was disagreeable, the rain being the chief thing that interrupted us, and the clouds were not very black. At six o'clock the committee escorted the above named people to the American House, where they had their hearty breakfast.

At 10 o'clock, the committee showed them around, some going to visit the Leader office, while some went walking in the Public Square Park.

As soon as the mutes from abroad assembled in a body in the park, they were told that there was a car which would take them to Lake View Cemetery, about six miles from the city. This they did, and a pleasant ride was had until they reached the Garfield Cemetery, where they viewed the graves around, and at last saw Garfield's bronze coffin in a tomb costing \$2,000, and much interest was manifested in looking at it for a while, after which they walked further on and saw a monument on which was inscribed,

THOMAS GARFIELD,

etc.

Some thought he was the man who was the late President's uncle. Some said "yes," others said "no." Discussion followed, and it was found out that he was President Garfield's real uncle, who died about thirty years ago. Walking up further, they saw a house in which President Garfield's phaeton carriage was kept closely clean as a relic of natural remembrance. After viewing it, they expressed themselves as being in sympathy with him for his wife's sake. Strolling up, they at last stood on a hill where they could look at the lake and city. On this ground it is proposed to build a monument for Garfield which will cost about \$250,000. Walking around the cemetery, they were highly pleased with its views, after which they took a car for Rocky River, about sixteen miles from the cemetery.

They seemed as though they thought Cleveland was in a nice and flourishing condition. Its population is 190,000.

At the public square, they took another car, and were shown the place where the famous "Viaduct" bridge is noted for its strength across the river to the West Side. They reached the depot when the "dum-ty-my" engine with three coaches was coming to take them to the railroad.

The Cleveland mutes told them all they knew about Cleveland and its surroundings.

At Rocky River they were at the picnic, and were highly pleased there, sports of all kinds being indulged in.

Among those from abroad, your writer noticed Messrs. Reading, from Braddock; Prof. Schory, Scott, Pratt, Leib, and Prof. Greener, ("Columbus") of Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill, of Braddock; (the wife not participating in the picnic, owing to their sickness, and were obliged to stay at the latter's parents' residence). Messrs. Willie Sawhill, of Braddock; Hartley, of Pittsburgh; Morley, of Sharon, Pa.; Wm. Chamberlain, of Everett, O.; Bartlett, of Girard; Stodder brothers, of Wellington; Hanan and Stebelton Brothers, of Marble Head, O.; Miss Thompson, of Peninsula, and many others whose names your correspondent couldn't learn.

Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan were represented.

It was with regret there was not a full attendance from Detroit.

The day was spent with satisfaction to all who participated.

Rev. A. W. Mann was a spectator. A display of fireworks was seen and witnessed by all present.

At 9 o'clock p.m., the Cleveland mutes escorted the excursionists to the wharf, where they waited for the "City of Detroit." The boat left at 10 o'clock, and all shook hands with them, saying: "We (Clevelanders) expect to give you a turn next year, should anything not happen to prevent us."

I remain,

Wm. G. MYERS.

CINCINNATI.

The Fourth of July.

THE PICNIC.

Interesting Personal Notes, Etc.

The Third Annual Picnic under the auspices of the Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society, came off, as per announcement, at the Bellevue House, on July 1st. It proved a success both socially and financially. About one hundred persons sat down to the tables which were loaded with toothsome eatables. Much credit is due Mrs. Binz, Mrs. Alfors, Misses Morin, Gilhaus and Stuve, for their skillful arrangement of the tables.

After supper, the crowd adjourned to the pavilion to enjoy dancing, conversation, etc. Carrier's band, which is one of the best, if not the best, in the city, discoursed sweet music for the benefit of the hearing people and mutes (?) who can hear music.

Besides the mutes of Cincinnati and surrounding country, many from abroad were present, among whom we noticed Lewis Plennick and brother, of Columbus, O.; Chas. H. Rice, of South Charleston, O.; N. J. Snyder, of Blaichester, O.; Robert Stevenson, of Cleveland, O.; Abner Guard, of Indiana; Leslie Whitaker, of Kentucky, and others whose names have escaped your reporter's mind.

S. M. Freeman arrived home from the Sunny South, and shook hands with numerous friends at the Picnic. He was accompanied by Mr. Rembeck, formerly of Georgia, but who has been working at printing here for several months past.

Mr. Stewart, a teacher at Columbus, O., who had been visiting friends in the city for the week, took in the picnic, and took intense interest in electricity.

Phil. Thinnies came in very late from Indiana, but just in time to demolish the crumbs of the supper table.

The Fourth of July was a very quiet day. Each of the mutes celebrated it in his own way, from the firing of a cracker to a dead duck.

Otis Vance and John Hahn went fishing to Silver Lake, in Kentucky, caught millions of minnows, brought them home and generously donated

FANWOOD.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

What we Saw at the Picnic.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

On Tuesday evening last, at half-past six, while the work of the day was done and the shops closed, a fire was discovered in the corner of the barnyard near the entrance to the shoe shop. As the stablemen were at supper, it was not discovered until it had gained considerable headway. An alarm was promptly telegraphed to the village fire department and the officers of the school arming themselves with buckets were promptly upon the scene and succeeded in putting out the flames before the engines arrived. The only damage done was the destruction of a portion of the fence. Had the wind been from the west instead of the east, the barn would have been destroyed and possibly the shops, as the yard was full of straw which had been recently taken from a large number of mattresses. After the flames had been put out, an investigation as to the origin of the fire took place, and it was found that young Wm. Moore had lit a paper for fun and let it drop in the straw supposing it had gone out. He was tenderly escorted to the Steward's office, where, for a few moments, the room resounded with howls of the most piercing nature. It is safe to say he has had enough of fire and wallowing for the present, at least.

Miss C. B. Felver is plying the needle in New York City.

Miss Lizzie Noble and Mrs. Fannie Smithson visited friends here Thursday last.

Supervisor Howell desires to know the address or whereabouts of Prof. C. Q. Mann.

Thos. F. Fox inspected the wilds of Staten Island Friday last.

We understand Prof. Jewell is visiting friends in Rome, N. Y.

Bernard Gallagher has gone or will go to Washington soon.

Prof. Lloyd was in Rome, N. Y., last week.

Martha Hamilton has been stopping in Kingsland, N. J., since Closing Day. She left for Cobleskill the latter part of last week.

Haverstraw Sullivan's blooming countenance was noticed at the dinner table on Friday.

The Tarrytown Branch night watchman is doing duty at the Institution.

Matron of the Culinary Department Noble commenced her vacation Friday last.

Poison ivy about the arms rendered James Beatty unfit for work last week.

Arthur L. Thomas and brother, of Catskill, N. Y., spent a day or two at Germantown, last week.

J. B. Davis is working in the capacity of coachman for Dr. Peet.

We saw Harry White, of Boston, in the city last week. He made a pleasant call on Miss Clara Brady on Thursday afternoon.

Two or three of the pupils of the Lexington Avenue School will enter the Institution in the fall. We are informed it is because they desire to learn a trade.

The cherry trees in the neighborhood of the Institution are loaded down with the luscious fruit, and every evening after supper the boys go for them with a vengeance. They generally return in about an hour with baskets and stomachs overflowing.

The governor on the seven horsepower steam engine that runs the printing press stopped suddenly last week, and the big cylinder of the new press made about forty-seven thousand revolutions per minute. George Porter, who was feeding, was nearly frightened to death, but retained sufficient presence of mind to put on the brake.

The annual bench and stool painting agony is in full blast.

Theodore Lounsbury has been spending a week in Stamford, Ct. He will remain in this city for the next two weeks, then return to Stamford, to stay until September.

Vincent Pines will leave for his home in South America about the first of August. We do not think he will return to School again.

Julius Wilken, who obtained work on a Middletown farm for one week, put in an appearance here Thursday last. He said farming might be a delightful occupation, but he had failed to discover its delights. He will try to get employment more congenial to his tastes.

The Institution dray horse (yellow) which every pupil knows is a terrible biter, is at present as gentle as a lamb. Cause—one of its knees is swollen to twice its ordinary size, from poison ivy, we believe.

William Rose, who has been setting type on the JOURNAL since School closed, has obtained work on the Catskill Morning Mail, through vacation. He obtained the place through the influence of W. Ennis,

who is lifting type on that paper. Rose left the Institution on Saturday. James H. Caton, piloted by W. Cotter, was here on the 14th inst. He was accompanied by a young gentleman graduate from the Poughkeepsie Business College, whom he met on the boat coming to the city, and who appeared to take a deep interest in him. James visited Central Park the same afternoon, remained with friends in Brooklyn until Monday, then returned home.

Messrs. Haight and Mitchell were at St. Ann's last Sabbath.

Last week, Messrs. Hines, Beatty and Jourdan dove several times from the top of the high pole at the dock. It is a rather risky feat.

Edward Dunlap was in Catskill, N. Y., last week.

On Sunday, Owen McCabe, a graduate of the 50th Street Institution, visited his old friend and classmate, Mr. Shotwell.

Prof. W. G. Jones, wife and two olive branches, left for the Kimble House, Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa., Monday last. They will return during the first week of September.

John Lloyd, Jr., broke his fast here on the 16th.

Messrs. Jourdan, Jamieson and Durian will decide who is the best swimmer in a contest from the Institution to the Fort Washington dock, Saturday next.

Chas. H. Sparrow was here on Sunday to keep an appointment with James H. Caton, but James had vacillated.

Mr. Jacques Loew remained a couple of hours with friends here Sunday last. On the piazza and under the mellow rays of the moon, his poetical soul waxed eloquent and he enchanted his listeners with the beauty and power of his utterances.

Miss Prudence Lewis attended a grand dinner party in the city on the 12th inst.

Dr. Porter and wife started for Saratoga Saturday last. They will remain until the second week in August.

Alexander L. Pach desires to say that as his uncle has two galleries in Ocean Grove, that he (Alex) will be at the one on the beach, and not at the one at the grove. He says this for the benefit of those of his friends who may call. All deaf-mutes who may be in the vicinity, will be cordially welcomed, and he will give them his personal attention, whether or not they wish pictures.

We wish it distinctly understood that under the protection of a JOURNAL reporter's badge, and arrayed in our best calico gown, we sailed grandly down the gang plank of the barge Vanderbilt, at half-past nine o'clock Wednesday morning last, and found ourselves in the midst of a large number of deaf-mutes, among whom were a fair sprinkling of Fanwood's pride and joy.

Taking a position near the off jib boom, and motioning the pilot to huff her up a little, we soon caught sight of the Institution delegation in the wake of a big lunch basket swarming down West 11th Street, under full head of steam. After a slight discussion relative to the feasibility of collecting duty on the aforesaid lunch basket, (it looking large enough to sink the barge) the vigilant officers of the M. L. A. allowed the pupils to pass.

The Association had extended an invitation to all the pupils who remain at the School, but only a few of the boys availed themselves of the privilege, we being the only girl who had cheek enough to go. We write this with a wry face (Pardon the divergence.)

It is not our intention to go into details in regard to the excursion. Suffice it to say that for comfort, good order and well carried out programme, the Association never had any thing of the kind to equal it.

We saw—Little Agnes Craig make for the candy stand the very moment she put foot on the boat.

That the JOURNAL, with its usual enterprise, had out its circulars.

Henry Beuermann, with a very guilty look, skulking behind the forward bowsprit trying to cheat himself into the belief that he was having a good time with a cigarette.

Charles Schmidt double up his diminutive fist under the nose of a Lexington Avenue School mute, who had ventured to criticize his Alma Mater.

Daisy Holister and Fred Stratton dodging here and there and getting into every body's way, while playing tag.

Misses Williams, Berley, Kinney and Stein reviewing their old pranks while at school together, and wishing the two remaining links in their chain, Misses Fisher and DeWillegar, were there to make their happiness complete.

Sombody kiss somebody going through the arch under the railroad track near the grove.

The only representative (pupil) of the Tarrytown Branch, young Meinken, poking every one in the ribs and asking the most outlandish of outlandish questions.

Lizzie Noble, with a sad, sea wave expression in her eye, surrounded by a score of admirers throughout the day.

Geo. Porter spreading devastation through a rhubarb pie, growing more and more melancholy as each bite reduced it in size.

Carrie L. Powers and her intended on the return trip, they having taken the cars to Hastings, instead of accompanying the excursionists.

Anthony Capelli grin a ghastly grin as he related how Hoboken printers were unable to detect his knowledge of the Art Preservative.

Martha Hasty, arrayed in white, captivate old and young.

William Durian carefully thread his way among the throng with his miniature ferry boats.

John Valley gaze longingly at the orange stand, over which his mother presided, and who was deaf to that stare.

John Lloyd, Jr., with a spotted necktie, trying to smile benignly at a banana peel, which had suddenly and with bias aforethought brought him to a sitting position on the deck. It was an inglorious failure.

The Reininger brothers, Lorcer, Thompson, Golland, Koehler, Tweed, Kansriddle and Rosenacker scattering base ball knowledge and peanut shucks all over the barge.

F. Jourdan selling copies of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL like hot cakes. John Kickens kick himself outside of several glasses of lemonade.

Wm. Rose doing the agreeable to a former female pupil.

That Prof. Van Tassel was the only teacher there.

A team of four Fanwoodites beat four pupils of the Lexington Avenue School at tug-of-war.

Young Jamieson beat young Lanan, Jr., in a swimming contest at the grove.

The bombardment and total disappearance of the interior of Fort Lunchbasket at the grove, fifteen minutes after hearing the first snap.

A few of the large boys, with fear and trembling, ring the door bell at 12 o'clock the same night.

WE DID NOT SEE—

Francis Croken there, because he had the carache.

Supervisor Howell there, because he had the toothache.

Elmer E. Smith there, because he had the heats—didn't want to go aches.

GRACE H.

Mr. White Feels Complimented.

ED. JOURNAL.—I desire to thank a certain Mr. Gorham D. Abbott personally, for the very polite and flattering way in which he spoke of me in the last issue of your paper. He used to be editor of a respectable but unfortunately obscure sheet in New Hampshire, called out of compliment to our class, "The Silent People," but unluckily it died from natural causes—namely, lack of patronage and want of appreciation on the part of the silent community. Bad luck to them, as the Irish would say. They don't know what is good for them.

The said paper devoted a few columns, as long as it was in existence, to the praise and elevation of a man whom we all hold in the highest respect, not only for the illustrious name which he bears, but also for the good which he has done and is doing in his quiet, unostentatious way among our class—Rev. Thomas Gallaudet. It shows that the editor has rare good sense and sound judgment, and to be praised in such company is an honor to be remembered for a life time. Just before the decease of the paper, I was highly flattered by an offer from the editor to assist him in editing the paper. But although fully sensible of the compliment in being asked to edit such a respectable sheet, with a dozen subscribers or so, I did not feel equal to the task, and declined with thanks.

I admire the choice language which Mr. Abbott used with reference to myself. "Vilest plot," "blood-stained treachery," "lying hypocrite," etc., are expressions which I particularly admire. They show a keen discrimination of character and a fertility of imagination which I have rarely seen equalled. I have known Mr. Abbott to abuse certain ladies of the highest respectability in words of "learned length and thundering sound," and afterwards to take them back with an ample apology. That shows he forms his opinions with caution and deliberation, and changes them with the same caution and deliberation.

The New Englanders generally will thank Mr. Abbott for the kind, modest manner in which he tells them whom to vote for President, and whom not to. In his opinion, the mutes of good, old New England are ignorant, simple-minded and incapable of judging for themselves, so it is necessary that some one should order them to vote for whoever he thinks the best fitted to govern them, and who is so well qualified to dictate to them as Mr. Abbott, with his keen discrimination of persons and things? The New Englanders are very grateful for this evidence of his interest in them.

Mr. Abbott has a talent of high order (I) which he uses like his father, the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, who devoted his talents to the amusement and instruction of the young, never perverting them to the abuse or injury of any person while he lived. A worthy son of a worthy sire?

Mr. Abbott is an intimate friend of Mr. Tillinghast, with whom he has tastes in common as far as Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and other respectable persons are concerned. Mr. Tillinghast is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of such a friend, and I wish him joy of it. Hoping to hear from the great Gorham very often in the same complimentary way, I remain

Yours, etc.,

HARRY WHITE.

P. S.—Seriously speaking, I wish all persons, whether friends or foes, would leave my name out of their communications to the JOURNAL, upon matters relating to the next Convention. I can bear the worst epithets of my enemies with indifference, if not contempt, but the encomiums of my friends, well-meant though they be, bring the blush to my cheeks. A word to the wise is sufficient.

H. W.

MERRY SILENCE.

The Gay Pantomime of Real Life.

ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE ANDERSON SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer, July 2.)

The Anderson Society of Deaf-Mutes had its annual picnic at the Bellevue House yesterday afternoon, and few of the happy gatherings there this summer have exceeded this picnic in gaiety and innocent enjoyments.

Passing up Elm street in the early afternoon, one could but notice the groups of twos and threes, here and there along the street, journeying to the Bellevue House and conversing in the animated and graceful gesticulations of the mute language.

The isolation and loneliness of the life of a mute is to a great extent removed in Cincinnati by the number of them living in the city—probably not less than one hundred and twenty—and by the friendly acquaintanceship and association brought about by the Anderson Society. This is the first Society of the kind organized in the State, and takes its name from Mr. Nicholas Anderson, of Cincinnati, who has taken a deep interest in it from the start, and has aided it with money and books. Originally organized for literary and social purposes, it has latterly developed into a Mutual Benefit Society. It has quite a library and about \$300 in its Treasury.

The picnic yesterday brought out the membership in force. Old and young, the white-haired grandfather, the infant in arms, and all ages were present. Many, of course, were not themselves mutes, but came with mute members of their families. One could hardly witness a more beautiful manifestation of family affection than the mute conversation of these persons. Here could be seen a matronly woman past middle life conversing with happy face and lively gesticulations with her bright-eyed boy of eight or ten. Born deaf, he could not learn her language, so a mother's love had taught her, though past the years of learning, his. Here would be seen a group of father, mother, sons and daughters, only one of whom was mute, yet all engaged in gay chat with the mutes about them.

Inquiry developed the information that there are fifteen or more more married couples in Cincinnati. We had a pleasant conversation—written—with Mr. Jesse Hoagland, whose father and mother are mutes, as are also himself and wife. His four children, however, can hear, and in general it may be said that the children of deaf-mutes are little, if any, more liable than other children to be deaf.

Currier's musicians now and then played a waltz, and it was observable that while many groups not facing the musicians did not appear to notice the beginning of the music, others did. Several couples at once took the floor and danced gracefully, in excellent time, and with evident enjoyment. We were told by more than one that they felt the music through the vibration of the air and floor, and had a sort of instructive knowledge of its rhythm. This susceptibility to music is, however, to some extent the result of education, many of the mutes having taken lessons in dancing.

In the intervals between the music the children romped and played over the floor of the pavilion, mutes and those who could hear playing happily together, without a spoken word, their conversation being by a few brief gestures, imbued with all the earnestness and intensity of childhood's games. It was the stillest romp and "tag" one could ever see. All the noise was that of the eager footfalls on the floor. It was pathetic in its voicelessness.

As the afternoon wore on young men, released from their work in the city, came in singly or in groups, and were greeted by the other young people who had previously arrived. A few flashings of nimble fingers served to introduce one to another, and the usual bows and hand-shakings followed. Conversation on every-day topics in the mute language is nine-tenths pantomime and one-tenth spelled words; hence it is much more rapid than one who had not seen it would suppose. Yonder is a young man introducing his father to a group of young ladies. A quick motion or two suffices, and the two join in the animated gesticulations and expressive smiles of the group. Here is a young lady introducing another to a mother with her infant on her arm, and the two young ladies gesticulate toward and from the infant, and spell what they can not pantomime. The happy mother nods a dozen assents, and with frequent fond glances at her babe, pantomimes a wealth of praises.

But it is so still! Here, where we are writing at one of the tables in the garden, we can hear the vesper bells sweetly chiming in the city, while St. Francis de Sales answers from Walnut Hills. But, while these distant bells are plainly heard, here are two hundred happy men, women and

children, joking, chatting, playing, full of life and gaiety; yet, save the voices of the half-dozen waiters, the place is absolutely still!

Supper was eaten in the pavilion, and then the dancing began in earnest. Meanwhile quite a crowd had arrived, and every car throughout the evening brought fresh arrivals. The floor was covered with gay waltzers, and in the intervals between promenaders passed about the floor, exchanging a flash of the fingers and a smile or a simulated frown with one another, or with the staid groups seated about the sides of the pavilion.

While the fun was still in progress, and youth and pleasure chased the happy hours with flying feet along the shores of Silence, we came away.

Among the visitors at the picnic were two of the officers of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Columbus, Ohio.

The officers of the Society for the current year are: Joseph H. Vance, President; John Hahn, Vice-President; Otis Vance, Secretary; John Barrick, Treasurer; Wm. Blount, Librarian; Jos. Kelly, Sergeant-at-arms.

The Society is flourishing, and is accomplishing a worthy work. Long may it wave.

A REPLY TO ALMOS SMITH OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was somewhat surprised on reading the letter of Almos Smith, in which he accuses J. T. Tillinghast of being the cause of the stormy and unpleasant debates at the Boston Convention. To me, as well as to any clear and honest minded man, that accusation looks a little "too thin." I was present at the convention and was an interested spectator of the whole proceedings, and can say and prove that the burden of the unpleasantness arose from the other side. That is, those who opposed to Mr. Tillinghast, and his successful recovery of the Morrison legacy from the hands of William Swett & Co., and it is evident from the articles that have appeared from time to time the past two months in mute papers, that the same tactics are to be again tried as before the Boston Convention, the plan is evidently to run down Mr. Tillinghast and his motives. It resulted two years ago on Mr. Tillinghast's re-election, and the approval of his course by the vote of the convention entrusting the Morrison legacy entirely to Mr. Tillinghast for investment until the next convention.

Almos Smith also proposes Harry White, of Beverly, as the next President of the N. E. G. A., and says he (Harry) is the best man for the position on the globe. Well! that may be Mr. Smith's opinion, and he has a perfect right to his opinion and to give or publish his opinion; others have the same right to differ from it and to express their opinion. Almos Smith says the next President should be a graduate of Kendall Green. And why? Will Mr. Smith give us a reason for the necessity, will it confer any honor on the N. E. G. A. to have a "Kendall Green" graduate for its next President? Will it enable the association to be any more successful financially than it has been managed under its various Presidents the past 25 years of its existence?

Will Harry White's election to the presidency put a stop to all attempts of certain parties to obtain control of the Morrison legacy? Those same parties created all the trouble at the last convention, for they could not bear to be exposed and did not want others to know the truth.

Almos Smith quotes Mr. Tillinghast as saying "a deaf-mute is not qualified for president." Will A. Smith prove his assertion that Mr. T. made that statement, and when and where it was made. It is already well known, and has been since last April, that White was trying to obtain the position, and writing letters to personal friends and to acquaintances soliciting their votes. Will Mr. Smith also tell the public who travelled through New Hampshire and parts of Massachusetts interviewing prominent mutes and begging their name and influence for Harry White?

Suppose Mr. Smith takes up September number of the "Silent People" and read the address of the President of the N. E. G. A. carefully again. It opened the eyes of hundreds of mutes. It was the means of defeating the recognition of the Beverly School by the Massachusetts Legislature as being entitled to State aid. It brought many who formerly opposed Mr. Tillinghast over to his side, and even now, if he chooses to stand (as he has been repeatedly urged to do) it will take a more formidable antagonist than a "Kendall Green" graduate to defeat Mr. Tillinghast.

Mr. Smith, has not some one made a catpaw of you? Where has all the opposition to Mr. Tillinghast come from, and why? Can any act of dishonesty be proved against him? Where would the bequest have been now, had it not been for Mr. Tillinghast's efforts in behalf of the deaf-mutes of New England? Answer that question, Mr. Almos Smith, or if you won't, I will do it for you. It would have gone for the benefit of Wm. Swett's Institution and Harry White's School. Deny that if you can, and they want it now, and are bound to have it if they can; deny that if you can, and I'll prove it. The cat has been let out of the bag and the game can be seen, and it will not take much courting to run it down, and then it will be

found that the cat has its home not far from Beverly.

From what has been said, every intelligent mute can form his opinion of the matter, and having done so, let them go to Norwich and buy their vote. Say whether Mr. Tillinghast has acted honestly, and for their best interests or not.

It is now nearly six months since Mr. Tillinghast gave me the name of a prominent deaf-mute he would like to succeed him, in response to an inquiry, and I hope to see that deaf-mute elected if he can be prevailed to accept. All the opposition to Mr. Tillinghast is due to his honest efforts for the best interests of the deaf and dumb of New England, and when the full history of the legacy and the attempts to rob the deaf and dumb of it are fully known, Mr. Tillinghast will be fully exonerated from all the slurs that have been cast upon him. And it will also be seen that to his straightforward, honest and intelligent management of the funds, and regard for the welfare of the association, its safety is due financially. He has given his best efforts, his valuable time, working hard and sacrificing much with no hope of reward or recompense.

His board has been a harmonious one, with one exception, and he has had no difficulty with any but one, and that one—who is that one? H. White's object is the same as Smith's—a desire to remove the President of the N. E. G. A. with a similar hope of reward—the office for himself and the Morrison legacy for his School or his salary. Members of the Association must understand this, and act accordingly.

SIMPLE SIMON.

July 7, '82.

The Coming N. E. Convention.

The biennial convention which will take place at Norwich, Ct., in August, is the topic of conversation at the present time. Norwich is a bewitching little city, with beautiful scenery and many fine buildings worth seeing, and once a paradise for the red hunters. There are many places where both the brave red and palefaced warriors once trod and fought, and also the last place the late Prof. David Bartlett delivered his untiring eloquent addresses, and prayed to his dear deaf mutes. It is fondly hoped and desired that many of his old pupils will meet there to help pay respects to his memory, and make remarks or tell anecdotes about him.

I have not learned who is going to manage the affairs at Norwich, but think it is the committee, who are Messrs. Tillinghast, Weeks and Edmonds.

I would like to make a suggestion which I hope will meet approbation. Mr. Bartlett's bust is to be unveiled at that time, and I think it a good idea that some one of Mr. Bartlett's young lady pupils unveil their dear old teacher's bust, and some of the other pupils by turns, render poems, hymns, etc.; these girls to be dressed in pure white, would, I think, be effective and appropriate.

After paying tribute to Mr. Bartlett, comes the election of President. Who is to be the next President, is the general question. I agree with many that Mr. Tillinghast is the very man for that office, and one whom we can trust the \$500 with.

He is a man of more than ordinary abilities, and with more experience about such matters than others. Some say that Mr. Tillinghast is not so social as some. Of course, it can not be expected that the President, with several kinds of business to attend to, must study and plan to amuse or get up parties, etc., for the people. So we will let Mr. Tillinghast rest and attend to his business as becomes him. Let the young gentlemen be presidents of schools, excursions, baseball, etc. They must wait till they are a little older with more experience and practice. If Mr. Tillinghast had no \$500 in his hands, no one would be so anxious to hold the office. All they growl for is the \$500. Has Mr. Tillinghast been dishonest with it? Let the \$500 rest with safety under his wing, as it has done for the past six years, if you care to have it safe and increasing and under a good bond of \$1000. Who can take better care of it than Mr. Tillinghast?

It would be a great impudence and disgrace to snatch it away from him in order to place it in an inexperienced hand, who, no doubt, will quake it in pieces to be divided among several who are eager to help each other grab it. Look out, my good friends.

It grieves me to read the article signed by "Justitia," attacking Mr. Tillinghast. Such language shows a man to be very unprincipled, and one that we can not look upon as a friend, for he would turn upon us at the most trifling affair. "Justitia" is an aspirant for the presidency of the N. E. G. A., so says the article signed as "A Member." If that is the case, we would say at once, he is not a fit person for that office. We never could vote for a man that uses such language towards the peaceable elders. Read and ponder thoughtfully. I speak for fair justice, not partiality.

JUMBO BRUSTAD.

NEW ENGLAND, July 7, '82.

Success does not consist in making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.

We may abound in energy, yet effect nothing. Energy is a good steed, but must be saddled and bridled with care, and the reins placed in the hands of prudence; then the goal of efficiency is assured.

TEACHERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—What a strange advertisement the Michigan Mirror has printed in search of "two hearing and speaking lady teachers, who are familiar with the sign-language, and who are competent to instruct classes of three or four years' advancement!" This article represents not the views of any one individual, but of the majority of those deaf-mutes in the silent world, who are so fortunate as to have acquired whatever advantages education, whether primary, academic or collegiate, bestows upon mankind. It is not intended as a criticism of any particular individual; but it seeks to vindicate our class against the unjust and laudable reflections cast upon them, so far as their fitness for any calling in the world, as teachers in particular is concerned. It is said to see how widely the impression often prevails among the speaking and hearing community of the world that deaf-mutes as a class are considered as an inferior order of beings, unlike those gifted with all their senses! We have a perfect right to protest against this impression, no sensible person will deny this. How can such a disgraceful reflection upon our class be brushed off? It depends upon ourselves. What must we do? I believe that every intelligent mute knows what the answer is.

Experience has proved that an educated mute is equal to one in the possession of all their faculties unimpaired, so far as their competency as teachers is concerned. Indeed, in some cases, the former proves a more effective teacher. Can any one honestly say that education can do nothing for our people? While they are capable of receiving instruction, can any one say with truth that they are deprived of the ability which their more fortunate brethren have to apply that instruction to practical purposes? In this connection, it may be argued that some mutes have failed as competent teachers on account of their imperfect knowledge of the English language. It may be conceded that there is an exception to the rule which governs in all things; yet it can be answered without danger to the argument that those mutes who enjoy the benefit of a higher and more finished education, rarely fail as such teachers.

We agree with you, Mr. Editor, that in employing teachers, every institution should accord to the mutes the first chance. Why does the Superintendent of the Michigan Institution for Deaf-Mutes not try one or two of the recent graduates from the National Deaf-Mute College, the highest institution of learning for mutes on the face of the globe? Perhaps we have no right to make any attack upon him, as he may have a reason for his advertisement.

We do not hesitate to sustain your assertion that an educated semi-mute or deaf-mute is far more competent than a hearing person to develop the minds of mute children through the medium of the sign-language. A good idea in this regard can be obtained from the comparison between a native and a foreigner. When a young scholar wishes to perfectly master his own native tongue, as, for example, the German, which would it be better for him to choose as his tutor, a learned veteran of the same native soil (as a German) or an Englishman? The performance would be likely to be given to the German. Why is this so? Because the German is entirely familiar with his own native language and all its resources; when any peculiarity may appear, he at once understands it and knows what to do with it; he uses "high-flying conceits" in the handling of the language, while such liberty would be denied to the foreigner; and a native understands another native without any great exertion on the part of either. But the Englishman is a different thing.

The same can be said of our people in comparison with the hearing, as teachers. The sign language is native to the mutes. They as a race have been brought into relation with aspects of nature which are sometimes quite foreign to those who do not belong to our class. Therefore in developing the minds of his deaf pupils through the medium of the sign-language, an educated mute is not at a loss to know what signs he should use, he has a right to all the assistance which the sign-language trained to the uttermost is capable of yielding. Whatever resources it offers, he has a claim to draw upon them all. The hearing people simply have to imitate, nay, sometimes have to "parrot" signs which the deaf use with natural freedom and ease. Now we see no ground for doubt that